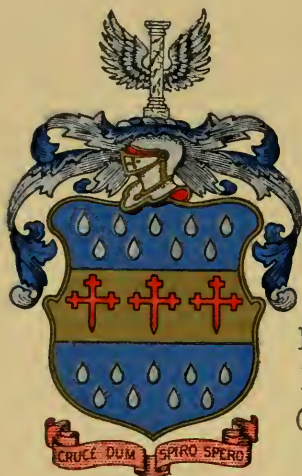




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THE  
**HARP OF ZION;**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A BRIEF RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE

**VIEW**

OF THE

**BAPTIST SOCIETY,**

BY

**A REGULAR BAPTIST.**

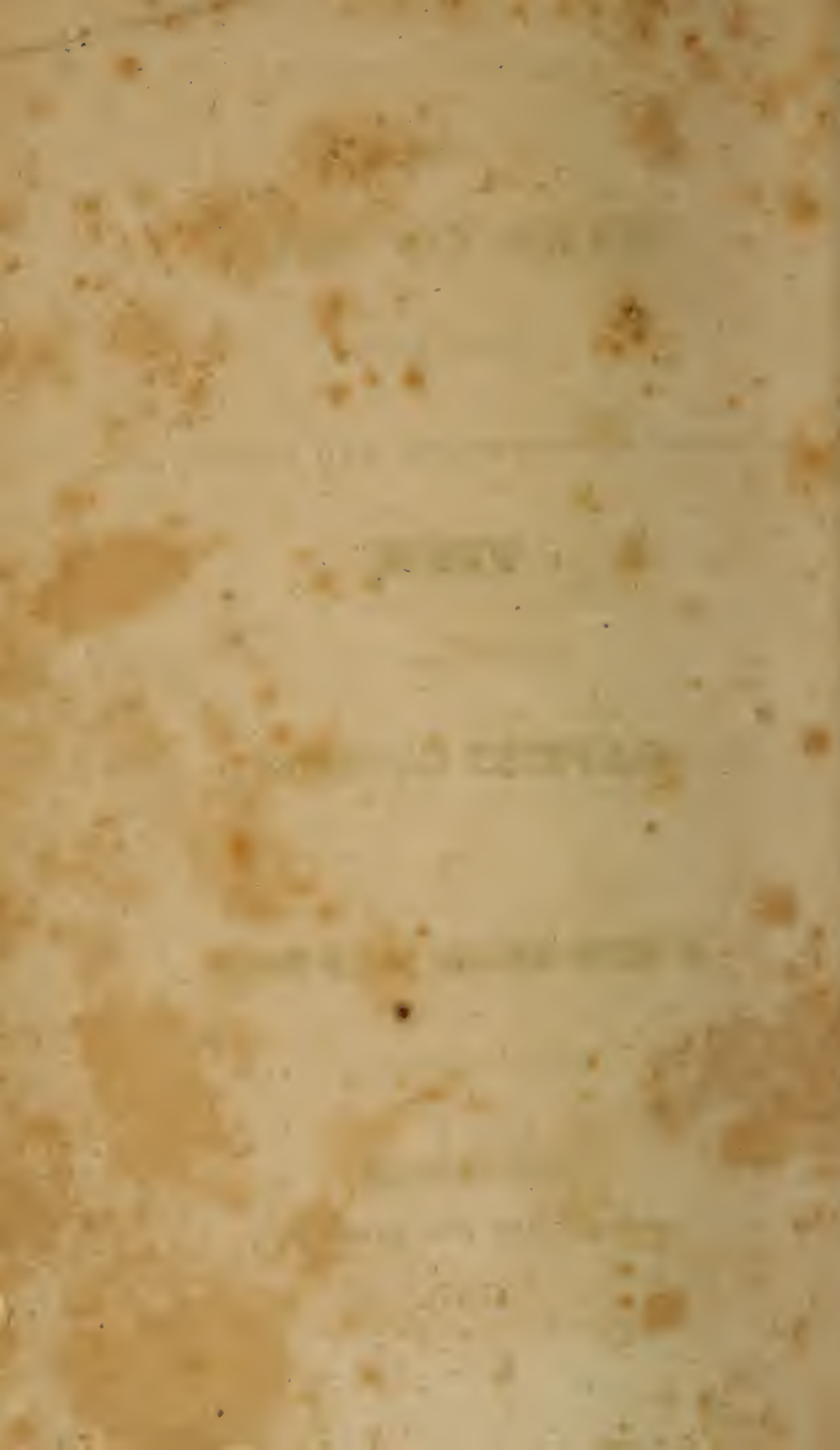
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**Pittsburgh:**

JOHNSTON AND STOCKTON, PRINT.

1827.







## PREFACE.

To circumcised ears, TRUTH only is *eloquence*: To circumcised hearts, TRUTH only is a cordial: To the souls of *Jehovah's* elect, when regenerated, TRUTH only can make a jubilee. It is therefore the design of the author to exhibit in the subsequent pages the *truth* of the grace (or gospel) of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the record thereof by St. John. The author loves every lover of that doctrine, and reveres every one who faithfully preaches it: Every such minister, is to him nearer than the apple of his eye: lovelier in his estimation than were Saul and Jonathan; on the mountains of Gilboa, to the son of Jesse. The author cannot say he is pleased, or even satisfied, with any feature of the work, excepting its theology: That theology is essentially *that* which is embraced in the "*Articles of the Church of England*"—"The *Westminster Catechism*," and "*Baptist Confession of Faith*;"—and if it is not, essentially, the doctrine of God our Saviour, then,

'The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's foundation stubble!'

Whoever *rests* the *visible* church on earth upon the influence of *this* doctrine, is, a Minister, Missionary, Evangelist or Pastor after God's own heart, and in the *genius* of the gospel dispensation; and at the present time, may lay claim to the fortitude of an apostle. Whoever abandons this only legitimate means of raising up and exhibiting a *visible church* on earth, and resorts to other means, though never so politic, PROFITABLE, ingenuous, shewy or popular, they do but devise and maintain slander against *Jehovah*, and commit wrong and outrage upon the church of Christ. A system of theology that does not recognize the *purposes* of God is as intangible as the spirit of Saul—consuming to the soul as the Persian flame---as wild, lawless, and indefinable as the ravings of a maniac:—such a system is, *Arminianism*! She hands a charte blank to her disciples, and ministers, to be filled up with the language of their mere animal feelings---images of their unsanctified imaginations, and notions of their crude brains. While she is babbling away "*to the unknown God*," as did the prophets of Baal, and while she is stunning the ears of the community with her morning yells, or midnight croakings, it is the privilege and duty of those who know the *certain sound*, to shout it in the camp of Israel, "lest the brazen throat and adamantine lung'd" *monster* ultimately drown the voice of truth, or, otherwise, deafen the ears of the circumcised!

The author is an old fashioned theologian, in the Regular Baptist Church: (No Arminian!) not yet sufficiently *scientific* to believe, with the numerous tribe of *modern Baptists*, that the *gospel* is to be accommodated to the ever varying modifications of human society, or susceptible of the improvements of natural philosophy or political science! He is, by the grace of God, devoted to the *faith and order* of the *regular Baptist church*, in contradistinction to Fullerism,

Arminianism and Socinianism; all of which sentiment he is equally opposed to, as being *equally* foreign to the cause of *God and truth*. To countervail those sentiments, this volume is published: at least that is the design of the author in publishing it, *subordinate* to affording the lover of truth the comfort of having his faith reciprocated. Such is the *design*; how far it may succeed the author does not expect to know in this world. The poem is the product of some solitary hours during a preaching tour. It is affectionately designed to be laid at the feet of the "Elect Lady" (if she has not become invisible) as a tribute of my devotion to her for her illustrious husband's sake. I owe *her* nothing---but *him* every thing! Should the offering prove acceptable, the author will, in that event, should life be spared him, find sufficient inducement to embody in the same form and dress, the great doctrine of sovereign grace as spread out and blazing in the sacred page, together with the inimitable, historical, and enchanting figurative illustration thereof which the divine volume affords.

The author would as soon eat living coals as to offer a philippick against an evangelical ministry: and he spurns the idea of insinuating that a liberal education, is not a happy and desirable acquisition to an *EVANGELICAL* minister. But for a *mere man of letters* to be a minister, is what he spurns: and that is what abounds in the church at the present day:—their light is delusion, and their presence stench: from them emanate a thousand errors and heresies where the unlearned broach one. It is the settled opinion of the author, made up after travelling about 20,000 miles in the ministry, and as many more out of it, that there is no more *moral* affinity between a vast majority of ministers of the present day, and the *essential* church of Christ, than there are emotions of maternity in the breast of an Egyptian mummy.

For the opinion of *the world*, or (which is pretty much the same thing) the Arminian, as to the theological character of the following poem, the author has no more anxiety than the man has, upon whose forehead the dew damps of death are glistening, whether the wind blows high or blows low. It is the church of Christ upon whom his solitudes centre, and for whom he can say, (Labour ipse voluptas,) labour is a pleasure, and sacrifice gain. May it comfort the "chosen generation," and animate the breasts of some of the few evangelical ministers still left to the church on earth; and lift them above the hiss of the world, the wild declamation and croaking anathema of Arminianism, and the more formidable assault the devil may make upon their patience and fortitude through the timidity, unkindness, selfishness, carnal *expediency* and treachery of those who profess to be brethren in the *one faith* of God's elect! If such be in any degree the results, thine, O Shepherd and Bishop of souls! thine, be all the praise! Amen!

# INCARNATION, Baptism and Temptation of CHRIST.



JEHOVAH'S wrath to man, and how disarm'd,  
Tell, O my soul, by heavenly fire warm'd;  
Tell how thyself, in common with thy race,  
Had sunk in sin and Satan's dire embrace;  
How pleas'd in bondage, and how proud in shame,  
Thou trampled on Jehovah's holy name;  
Despis'd his laws, and thought his service hard,  
And all his terrors blasphemously dar'd.  
Tell how in councils of redeeming love  
Thus God design'd thy thralldom to remove.  
On summit of the everlasting hills,  
From whence the Son does what the God-head wills,  
There sat the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
While round their burning throne, the heavenly host  
Bow in a deeper awe—to see reveal'd  
New floods of glory—in which conceal'd  
The Deity commun'd—Man was the theme!  
What eye could pity, or what arm redeem?  
Then rose the Son! in splendours only known  
To eye omniscient.—Thus his words roll'd on.  
Eternal Father! first great cause of all  
Created good, on *me* let vengeance fall!  
Now, now, let heaven and earth and hell behold,  
The fullest glories of thy grace unfold.  
Give up thy Son to unheard deeds of wrong:  
At me, be all the shafts of vengeance flung  
From thy stern hand of justice—let earth and hell  
Hunt and torment me while in flesh I dwell  
To heaviest sorrows, infamy, and death;  
I'll man redeem with my expiring breath!



Great Son of the Eternal! spake the Sire,  
 Vast is thy glory—this shall raise it higher—  
 O'er all recorded, shall it endless shine  
 In our deep volume, glory's brightest line.  
 And now our Spirit shall descend to earth,  
 And form a body for thy mortal birth:  
 A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son,  
 'Thro' whom our mighty conquest shall be won,  
 The Father's justice, and Jehovah's love,  
 Shall make the highest, sweetest note above!  
 And now the Spirit leaves the high abode,  
 In heaven's majestic quietude it rode  
 On gentlest zephyrs, to the virgin bless'd,  
 And in omnipotence her womb possessed  
 With "form of man"—while she exultant cried,  
 "Henceforth of women I shall be the pride."  
 At the full time the Holy Ghost declar'd,  
 The body of the wondrous babe prepar'd:  
 When all amazement, angels caught the sound,  
 And circling Gabriel, ask with awe profound  
 The import of those words—he silent bent  
 His pregnant glance toward the throne—intent  
 To learn if he might fill the listening ears  
 Of angel hosts, with what himself reveres.  
 The smile of God, ineffable and sweet,  
 Beam'd all around—while rising from his seat  
 He spoke in answer to the angel's eye,  
 And thus, in words of fire, gave a reply.

No—Gabriel, no—distinguish'd as thou art,  
 The theme 's too vast for other to impart  
 Than my own lips. And now, ye heavenly throng,  
 Hear what shall raise your everlasting song,  
 To all the fulness that your powers can bear,  
 In all my joys, of which I will you share.  
 My "Equal" and my everlasting Son,  
 In whom, well pleas'd, I view all I have done,  
 By whom I made the worlds, above—below,  
 Angels and men: and rebels overthrow;  
 In whom, Elect, your seat in bliss is sure,  
 And whom adoring, more you would adore:  
 That Son has rose in all his matchless love,  
 And in the form of sinful man, will prove  
 His power to save as well as to destroy!  
 This be your theme of highest, endless joy.

So spake the Sire—a moment angels gaze  
 On their great head, and then in new-found praise  
 Strike all their lyres—while from their tongues arise  
 Shouts of salvation, rending all the skies.

With big emotion now they hear the word  
 To stand prepar'd, to bear their glorious Lord  
 To the frail tenement of mortal clay,  
 Now ripe to usher to the light of day.

Throng upon throng of radiant seraphs move,  
 And Cherubs, flying on the wings of love,  
 Precede the advent of the King of kings,  
 While each exultant, rivals what each sings.

Then came *The Ancient of Eternal Days!*

Around him spread insufferable blaze:

The clouds his chariot—his coursers were the winds,  
 His throne behind—before a world's dire sins,  
 Onward he rode, while gathering hosts surround,  
 Of noblest spirits, fill'd with awe profound

To see the *heavens bow*, and God descend!

Transgression finish, and of sin make end.

Thro' space unmeasur'd thus the concourse mov'd,  
 While heaven's broad arch in burning splendours  
 glow'd,

Till watchful, now they catch a glimpse of earth,  
 Their glories shroud, and check their holy mirth.

The mighty Son by power original,

Cloth'd his fierce flames in an impervious vail,

In hidden darkness from angel sight withdrew,

And to his earthly house Jehovah flew,

In virgin womb—which felt the power divine,

Nor longer could the *holy thing* confine

Within its cell—but travailing, bore its charge

To life's wild waves—salvation's only barge!

The radiant angels now o'er Judea flame:

On watchful shepherds' wond'ring vision came

The host celestial.—While from their tuneful lips,

Bursts the loud song, and thus their theme depicts.

Fear not, ye highly favour'd of the Lord,

To you is born this day the Eternal Word;

'The Saviour promis'd—Israel's glorious hope,

Of whom the prophets and the patriarchs spoke;

And this shall be the sign, in Bethlehem lays,

'This object of our past and future praise;

In infant form—a manger is his bed—

Where cattle feed, he rests his holy head.  
 In swaddling clothes is wrapt, that awful form  
 Which rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm.  
 In infant helplessness that power is found,  
 By which all worlds in adamant are bound.  
 Illustrious scene! be highest glory given  
 To David's God, by all in earth and heaven;  
 Henceforth be peace and good-will to the earth—  
 All nature shout—Immanuel's wondrous birth  
 Wrapt in amaze! and overwhelm'd with joy,  
 The shepherds' muse—their labouring thoughts employ,  
 On what their ears had heard, their eyes had seen,  
 Their souls had felt, of Deity within,  
 While angels spoke.—Let us rise and go, they cry,  
 And see this long desired mystery  
 Now come to pass.—All other things give place,  
 To seeking him who's full of truth and grace.  
 Let wolves devour our flocks, let ruin come  
 On earthly things—all, all's but dross and dung  
 Compar'd with finding *him* the promis'd seed,  
 And thro' him, resurrection *from the dead!*  
 With rapid steps they hasten'd then away  
 And found the cradle where Immanuel lay;  
 Saw—felt—rejoic'd in him their Lord and God—  
 Returning, spread his wondrous name abroad.  
 To Jewish ritual Christ was duly given,  
 And Jesus nam'd, by seal of circumcision:  
 So call'd, in harmony with *God's decree*,  
 That he, *his people from their sins should free!*  
 This rite scarce finish'd, when old Simeon came  
 Into the temple, glowing with a flame  
 Of inspiration high! he fondly gaz'd  
 On the strange child; and then exultant rais'd  
 His lovely form within his wither'd arms,  
 And feasted on his thousand nameless charms,  
 Till his full soul no longer could contain  
 Its joys immense; or his glad tongue refrain  
 From breaking forth in song of sweetest strain. }  
 O Lord, he cried, let thy blest servant now  
 Depart in peace, according to thy vow;  
 For I have waited till mine eyes have seen  
 Thy great salvation shew'd before all men;  
 A light to lighten Gentiles to the skies,  
 And Israel's glory thro' all centuries.



That great salvation now begins to grow;  
 Thro' every nation shall its waters flow,  
 Till wash'd and ransom'd all the heirs of grace  
 In highest heaven shall consummate the blaze  
 Of thy revealed glory and thy praise. }  
 Thus Simeon sung; by Anna was the theme  
 Prolong'd, in joys celestially serene;  
 'Till all around were fill'd with sacred awe,  
 And all the footsteps of Jehovah saw.  
 In grace and wisdom, Jesus rose thro' youth,  
 Yet green in years, he taught the wisest truth:  
 Burning with zeal his Father's will to do,  
 From all on earth his thoughts and heart withdrew.  
 Now thirty years had Jesus been inured  
 To mortal scenes, in sphere of life obscur'd—  
 When God within him led him to the flood  
 Of sacred Jordan; where the Baptist stood  
 Immersing sinners! Buried in the wave  
 Was great Immanuel: (type of his own grave!)  
 When rising from the watery tomb there came  
 The Holy Ghost, in dove-like form of flame!  
 And rested on his head; while lo! the Father's voice  
 Proclaim'd him Son of his eternal choice,  
 In whom his soul delighted as a Sire,  
 Whom he had honour'd, and would honour higher,  
 And thro' the power and glorious name of whom,  
 His sov'reign pleasure had, and ever should be done!  
 Thus scarce express'd was the great Father's love,  
 'Till power divine the holy Jesus drove  
 From man's abode, to gloomy deserts—where  
 Prepar'd in dread array, the Prince of air,  
 Of darkness, death and hell, in ambush lay,  
 All fierce to make the Son of God his prey,  
 And close in endless night, salvation's dawning day! }  
 The desert reach'd, the Saviour, musing, said,  
*Here, then, once more, I make the earth my bed,*  
 And wait submissive to my Father's will,  
 With all the purposes he may reveal  
 In this wild waste. Some awful hour draws nigh,  
 Some mighty deed my soul is near to try;  
 For all her powers are stirring in a strength,  
 That makes her kindred to omnipotence.  
 To do or suffer, as high heaven ordains,  
 Is all my joy—the end of all my pains.



While musing thus, the Son of God describes  
 A hoary form in solemn reveries,  
 'Neath neighb'ring shade: to whom, when near, he said,  
 Hail man of solitude! thou seem'st like one that 's dead  
 To mortal sense of sublunary things,  
 And all thy thoughts pois'd on celestial wings.  
 The stranger rais'd his silver head and sigh'd,  
 And thus to Jesus meekly he replied.  
 Alas! young man, 'tis time now to withdraw  
 My thoughts, from all my waning eyes e'er saw  
 In this vain world. Its image is a curse,  
 Nor can imagination paint it worse—  
 Unless on recent day, to serve a friend,  
 A full score years, my feet did ne'er ascend  
 From this rude scene, and deep perpetual gloom,  
 Or my thoughts fix on aught but worlds to come.  
 Alone I've liv'd—nor e'er had thought to see  
 In this wild waste, a *fellow man* with me;  
 Nor can I yet devise, what cause could move,  
 One full of life as thou, here to remove  
 Thy form attractive. But I check the tongue  
 Of talking age—it suits not with the young,  
 To listen to their verbiage. I wait to hear  
 If thou in court'sy may the same declare,  
 What cause hath urg'd thee hither to repair. }  
 To whom the Son replied. We live and move  
 In God, the cause of all below and all above;  
 Our habitation is by him ordain'd;  
 Our lives therein by him alone sustain'd.  
 Where you retir'd to gain your grey hairs rest,  
 God may have led me, *here* more full to bless;  
 Or this, or not, his righteous will be done,  
 His name extoll'd, and his bright kingdom come.  
 Brief is thy answer, now the sage replied,  
 If not most courteous, with piety supplied.  
 And now methinks, some doctrine of that kind,  
 I recent heard from mouth of clownish hind  
 In Judea's plains. Loud did his voice proclaim,  
 That the Most High had come on earth—and came  
 To seek and save the fallen race of man,  
 By some great, deep, and heaven-contrived plan.  
 In sooth, he put aside so far great REASON's rules,  
 That none will heed him but some rustic fools.  
 And yet with all his mass of nonsense he had some

Sound, sober, rational doctrine like thy own.  
 'Twere well, said Jesus, if you could afford  
 A standard for the fool or wise man's word;  
 Did human thoughts of largest compass stand  
 A text book for the rest, then all were damn'd;  
 Damn'd in the tumult of their steadiest views,  
 And wretchedness the fruit of their best truths.

To whom the sage replied. I see that man you've  
 scann'd,

And know the sandy base on which they stand.  
 When most they feel secure. But fair youth,  
 'Tho' finite man may not know *what is truth*,  
 Reason alone will prove his guarantee,  
 From views disgraceful to the Deity;  
 Nor suffer him to think, the *Lord of all*,  
 Who spread the heavens and form'd this earthly ball  
 With all their glories, e'er bestows a thought  
 On pigmy man—if righteous, or if not;  
 Much less admit the Infinite *unknown*,  
 From all his peerless glory would come down  
 To this dark world—as mortal culprit die—  
 Convuls'd with pangs and cloth'd with infamy.  
 Who thus conceive, the lowest reason boast,  
 And of blasphemers, guilty are the most.  
 But should some mortal vainly think, that he  
 Was thus possess'd with the great Deity,  
 'The scorn of wise men, and a life of shame,  
 Would well secure imperishable fame,  
 As chief of maniacs, or of hardiest knaves,  
 And round his name for ever there would blaze,  
 Tophet's dire, lurid halo of disgrace.  
 But e'en suppose this wondrous being form'd,  
 And now on earth with heavenly light adorn'd;  
 What sort of message would he have to give?  
 What sort of welcome would he here receive?  
 His message holy, men would frowning spurn;  
 His claims divine, their hearts with rage would burn;  
 One universal cry against him rise,  
 And all denounce him as the Prince of lies:  
 Nor marvel here—for from this Holy One  
 Such loveliness and glory must be shown,  
 That men must see (and seeing hate the light,)  
 The deep and all pervading moral night.

In which they grop'd—Fierce would their passion rise }  
 For then as in a mirror burnish'd in the skies,  
 They'd see themselves made up of moral infamies. }  
 Pride, vanity, self-love, would call for blood,  
 And man assail his maker and his God!  
 Pride, vanity, self-love, and lust would cry;  
 "Quench, quench the light! tho' God himself should  
 die!"

Thus artful, did the long-disguised foe  
 Of God and man, in sceptick converse go  
 With the bless'd Jesus. Changing his wily arts,  
 And every hour he flung his poison'd darts  
 In subtle words: now vent'ring to suggest,  
 That if a God some mortal form possess'd,  
 No heath, no desert would be his abode;  
 No thorny path of grief, or rugged road,  
 Would he e'er tread. But that for him would rise  
 The gorgeous palace, tow'ring to the skies;  
 That tables spread with all earth, sea, or air  
 Could yield, delicious; or make matchless rare, }  
 Would be his portion, and his pomp declare. }  
 That thousand vassals would his steps attend,  
 And his, all earthly glory, would transcend.

Thus talk'd the tempter, while Immanuel's bed,  
 Was where e'en foxes would not rest their head;  
 While torn with hunger and with thirst inflam'd,  
 And every nerve with burning fever pain'd.  
 His foe, unwearied, tauntingly advis'd,  
 By miracle to have his wants suppli'd  
 With food convenient—and to quench his thirst  
 By bidding water from the rock to burst.  
 If thou, said he, indeed, be God's own Son,  
 Then feed thyself by making bread of stone;  
 Thy life draws nigh to the devouring grave  
 For want of food; nor is their aught to save  
 Thee from consuming famine, but the power  
 That vindicates the God-head of the doer.

'Tis written, said the Son, that man shall live,  
 Not by bread only, but he shall receive  
 In every word of God defence from ill,  
 Attendant on the doing of his will.  
*Why* I am here without a place to rest,  
 By gloom, by satan, and by want oppress'd,



Is not for me to tell, or you to know—  
 Who cast my lot will bear me safely through.  
 And dost *thou* seek a token of my power!  
 Hast thou forgotten then, that fearful hour,  
 When rushing on thee and thy rebel throng,  
 I pour'd the thunders of my voice along,  
 That shook the heavens, crush'd your mighty throne,  
 And sunk you to your present awful doom!  
 And soon the hour shall come, when I will make  
 Not only heaven, but earth and hell to shake!  
 When this right hand shall excavate thy cell  
 Ten thousand times more deep, in thine own hell;  
 When mountain waves, of blazing fire shall roll  
 In tempest-fury o'er thy impious soul,  
 When every breath of my eternal ire,  
 Shall fiercer kindle the devouring fire;  
 And, as in crime, shall thy condition be,  
 First in hell's pains thro' all eternity.

Unmov'd, the tempter heard the Saviour's words,  
 And, REASONING HIGH, conceives of what affords  
 Fresh ground to doubt the being of a God  
 In him, before whom now he hostile stood.  
 Thus settled in his views, he once more plies  
 The ear of Jesus with his specious lies.  
 Tells of *his power, his kingdoms and control*  
 Throughout the earth, wide spread from pole to pole.  
 Bears Jesus to a lofty mountain's height,  
 And brings the whole to his attentive sight:  
 Describes their origin, their growth, their kings,  
 And movement of their deep politic springs;  
 And how, by his long-tried and potent skill,  
 All could be moulded to the sovereign will  
 Of *one* whom he might honour with the rule,  
 And raise the matchless monarch of the whole.  
 All this, said Satan, will I give to thee,  
 If thou wilt "bow thyself," own, serve, and worship  
 me:

One splendid empire, shall this world become,  
 And all its glories be secur'd thy own!  
 Choose then, while choice is left thee, nor forget  
 The sad reverse of glory, that must wait  
 Contempt of my fair offer—then, I'll turn  
 All power in hell and earth, to do thee harm.  
 Hunt and torment thee, thro' each path of life,

And curse thee in the bitterest of strife  
 That creature ever knew—Thy name shall rot—  
 Thy friends betray—thy foes shall make thee sport,  
 Till all that's vile and horrible shall roll,  
 In whelming floods upon your sinking soul!  
 "Behind me get thee, Satan," said the Lord,  
 For thus 'tis written—"thou shalt worship God."  
 And canst thou think, if thou hadst worlds to give,  
 That at thy hand, the whole I would receive;  
 Or ever act a part in thy base train,  
 And own thy with'ring, blasting, damning reign?  
 What are the nations and the pomp of power,  
 Of which thou hast shewn so much, and now talk o'er?  
 Some *master* spirits by thine own design,  
 Have founded kingdoms—and support their reign  
 In all that's lawless, cruel and accurs'd,  
 And made, throughout the earth, a flood of mis'ry burst.  
 Kings—heroes—nobles—lords, (of thine) have been,  
 And will be, blasting monuments of sin,  
 Throughout the world; till he, whose right to reign  
 It is—shall come and burst their heavy chain;  
 Restore the human race their equal right,  
 And put thy principalities to flight.  
 Such value give I to thy proffer'd boon;  
 Nor in thy insolence again presume  
 To tempt me more, with what vain mortals prize,  
 Made great by lust, and gilded with thy lies.  
 For thy bold threats, fulfil them as you may,  
 Thy *victim* I may fall—but ne'er your *prey*.  
 'Tis mine to suffer *here*—Eternity's to show  
 The boundless glories that shall ceaseless grow  
 From love of God, and rage of thee his foe. }  
 Satan, aghast, heard thus the Saviour speak,  
 And from his visage saw a glory break,  
 That fill'd him with dismay, lest this fair form  
 Contain'd the power, destin'd to raise the storm  
 Of his damnation, to its utmost height,  
 And sink him to interminable night!  
 In mad'ning throes the fiend began to writhe,  
 And rage and terror for the mast'ry strive;  
 While all that's hideous, hateful and abhorr'd,  
 Rose in his face and stamp'd him hell's own lord.  
 Till furious render'd by the storm within,  
 He seiz'd, and bore upon his rapid wing,

The passive Jesus, to the temple's height,  
 And thus, in foaming spasms express'd his spite,  
 Here—thou would-be God, hererest thy wearied limbs,  
 While gently fann'd by heaven's obedient winds,  
 No doubt thou'lt find repose, exalted thus,  
 And own my kindness lib'ral for thy curse:  
 And when refresh'd with sleep, cast thyself down, }  
 For it is written—heaven shall thy person own,  
 And keep thy feet from every hurtful stone. }  
 To whom, the Saviour calmly thus replied—  
 'Thou fiend detested, first in power and pride,  
 Thus far thou'st gone in insolent control  
 O'er this frail tenement—thus vex'd my soul  
 With thy foul words—and dar'd profanely quote  
 The sacred truths, the lips of God have spoke  
 Of his great Son: here breaks thy awful power,  
 Thy kingdom totters from this very hour,  
 And shall dissolve, till the whole world be free  
 From thy control—and own no Lord but me!  
 In human form, I have thy arts all foil'd—  
 In that same form thy kingdom shall be spoil'd--  
 More, it behoves me not, to thee to tell;  
 A world eternal shall the rest reveal  
 To thy confusion, and all heaven's amaze,  
 'To my high glory, and thine own disgrace.  
 Now go, thou cursed, to thy dark abode,  
 For thou shall never tempt the Lord thy God!

In sullen silence, Satan then withdrew,  
 Abash'd—defeated, to his hellish crew;  
 With them to counsel, and with them to plan  
 More deadly warfare 'gainst the SON OF MAN.  
 Now angels, ministrant on Christ attend,  
 And with him once more to the earth descend;  
 They hymn his praise, and feed his fainting soul  
 With bread from heaven; while from the flowing bowl  
 Of Deity's own comforts, large he quaff'd,  
 And rose restored from all his sorrows pass'd.  
 Thus cheer'd and strengthen'd, Christ return'd again  
 To Judea's cities, and the haunts of men.

## THE MIRACLES

AND

## DOCTRINE OF CHRIST.\*

In miracle and doctrine now he moved,  
 In bold relief, and grandeur of a God!  
 And first—at “Caana’s feast, by power divine,  
 He gave to water, the gen’rous warmth of wine;  
 See! cried they, while in red’ning tide it gush’d,  
 The bashful stream hath seen its God—and blush’d.”  
 A breath from Jesus wings its instant course  
 To miles around, and there, with heavenly force,  
 O’ercomes disease—with health fills ev’ry vein,  
 And pleasure’s throb succeeds to that of pain.  
 The shrivell’d form of ghastly atrophy,  
 Is cloth’d with flesh, and swells with youthful glee;  
 The impotent are nerv’d with manhood’s strength—  
 ‘The limb contracted, gains its equal length.  
 ‘The blind behold the golden flood of day,  
 And bound in wonder and in ecstasy:  
 ‘The floating atmosphere is turn’d to bread,  
 And thereon, marvellously, are thousands fed.  
 Now sailing o’er the deep and raging sea  
 ‘Toward Capernaum, Christ’s disciples see  
 ‘Their master, walking on the foaming wave—  
 ‘The billows own their maker, and his feet they lave.  
 In glist’ning spray, now swiftly rolling on  
 In liquid softness, yet with strength of stone,  
 ‘To bear their God, in flesh, to the frail bark  
 In which his followers sail’d, and trembling mark’d  
 ‘The roaring tempest and the mountain surge,  
 Which hung terrific o’er their groaning barge.  
 The vessel gain’d, new impulse now was given  
 ‘To winds and waves—by which, obedient driven,  
 ‘The master and his servants reach their haven. }  
 Again, the Saviour rides the mighty deep—  
 Heaven wrapp’d in whirlwind, and himself in sleep;  
 Aghast his followers stand, or wildly cry,  
 Master awake! behold that awful sky!

\* This account of the ministry of Christ, is from the gospel by John.



How dire its darkness—how its thunders roll!  
 And see its lightnings blaze from pole to pole!  
 See how our vessel reels! O Master save—  
 Behold that yawning sea, that mountain wave,  
 It falls—we sink—the ocean is our grave!

Jesus, majestically serene, arose;  
 And from his lips, the mighty mandate goes  
 To warring elements—peace—be still, he said,  
 And all was hush'd as slumbers of the dead.  
 At his small voice, heaven's darkness roll'd away,  
 The deep voracious gave him up its prey,  
 And the sky kindled into sudden day;  
 The winds retire to their unknown abode,  
 And oceans billows, *prostrate own their God!*

O'er grave of Lazarus, the mighty Son  
 In human sympathy, and sorrow hung;  
 While in the same omnific word, he said,  
 'To him, now mould'ring with the sleeping dead,  
 Lazarus, come forth, from out thy loathsome grave;  
 And prove my arm omnipotent to save!'  
 Obedient to the word, behold him come!  
 While friends and kindred all, delighted run  
 To greet him welcome to their arms again,  
 And their glad tongues the name of Christ proclaim.  
 'These miracles perform'd, and thousands more,  
 Rous'd men to hear, to wonder and adore  
 The glorious author.—Eternal Spirit, tell  
 The doctrine utter'd by Immanuel!  
 And first—a *Rabbi* struck with sacred awe,  
 At what his ears now heard, his eyes now saw  
 Of the Messiah—'neath covert of the night,  
 Sought his abode, to feast his longing sight  
 With his bright form—and have his list'ning ears  
 Fill'd with the mission, which the Saviour bears.  
 In terms of adulation, he salutes  
 The lowly Jesus, and therefrom computes  
 The object of his homage, would observe  
 Much deference to himself, and truths reserve  
 Of harsh and vulgar import; or dispense  
 His words select'd and of polish'd sense.  
 (Thus, vain man still, in little learning dress'd,  
 Or rais'd in power, somewhat o'er the rest;  
 Conceives e'en God should always speak to him,

In soften'd language of a hell and sin;  
 'Tis this, that prompts the liberal support  
 Of Teachers, who their very words assort  
 To please the ear, to fan the innate pride  
 Of fiends incarnate, who *the truth* deride.  
 They talk of human dignity and moral worth,  
 As superceding the celestial birth,  
 And call, alike the pious and profane,  
 Dear brethren—lovers of the Saviour's name;—  
 Be not offended, if we dare once tell,  
 That somewhere, it is written, there's a hell!)  
 The Ruler's *Rabbi*, and his words polite,  
 Pass'd with Immanuel for their just weight  
 Of worth—for nothing.—Listen to Christ's reply;  
 Hear, feel, and understand, or doubly die!!  
 Thou learned Rabbi, mark what I proclaim—  
 You and your race, must all be born again!  
 Born in *free grace*, and by the *Spirit's* power,  
 And made to own the God-head of the doer;  
 Or this not done, and man shall never know,  
 The nature of my *kingdom here below*;  
 Or this not done, he ne'er can rise to see,  
 That Kingdom's glory in eternity.

The Ruler, startled and amaz'd, exclaim'd,  
 How can this be,—or how at all explain'd?  
 Can a man enter in his mother's womb  
 A second time? such doctrine, I presume,  
 Is not impli'd—for never yet has been  
 An instance of it heard, or read, or seen  
 Among the human race. Then Rabbi, say,  
 What is its character, its mode and way.  
*That*, said Immanuel, which of flesh is born,  
 Is *flesh* in every *inner fold* and form,  
 As well as *outward*. What is *flesh*, you cry—  
 Let God's unerring word give the reply.  
 Each thought is evil—evil is their heart—  
 Each acts the Demon, e'en when most approv'd his part:  
 In sin conceiv'd, in sin he lives and moves,  
 Hates God—hell serves—and all uncleanness loves.  
 Proud is his heart—his mind is cloth'd with lies,  
 He lives a Demi-god—a devil, dies!  
 Such portrait, by the high command of heaven,  
 Has the unerring Spirit of Jehovah given  
 Of human kind; vain mortals shrink from this

Self knowledge—ignorance here is bliss.  
 The renovation which I now proclaim,  
 Is to restore this fallen wretch again  
 To holiness—so that heaven may become  
 His glorious dwelling place, and final home!  
 No power created, can the work perform,  
 And thus, to holiness the soul transform,  
 But th' Eternal Spirit—and that comes  
 To whom he lists—to all the chosen ones!  
 As blows the wind, so does that Spirit move  
 On every soul, that the Creator's love:  
 Not more resistless, is the tempest storm,  
 By which the loftiest forests are upturn;  
 Not more beyond created fiat or control  
 Do ocean's billows rage, or gently roll  
 From their deep centre, to the distant pole. }  
 Again, the Rabbi marvels—and again he cries,  
 Can these things be—so hidden from my eyes!  
 Must human reason thus submissive bend,  
 Believe, what it can never comprehend?  
 To whom the Saviour—In nature many things  
 In mystery operate; in mystery, springs  
 The wind that prostrates, or that gently spreads  
 Its balmy undulations o'er our heads;  
 'Tis heard by all, by all its power is felt—  
 From whence it comes, or where it hidden dwelt, }  
 Or whither goes—is knowledge never dealt  
 To creature mind. Jehovah thus ordains,  
 Or where the Spirit *moves*, or where triumphant *reigns*.  
 Be wise, and from effects, judge ye the cause—  
 Such only is the base of reason's laws:  
 O shame for Israel! when *thou*, a master's place,  
 Holdest among her dark degenerate race;  
 Untutor'd *thou*, in first, plain, simple rules  
 Of my salvation, taught in Prophets' schools  
 A thousand years—a perfect fool I find—  
 Blind leader of the feeble, perishing blind!  
 Thyself, a sample of a host to come  
 In after times; who, thro' the earth shall run  
 As sent of God, and moved from above,  
 When *gold* 's their God, and only *self* they love.  
 I say to you, we speak what we well know,  
 And testify to what we've seen below,

Of this great work; if this be not believ'd,  
 How will the heav'nly vision be receiv'd?  
 Beyond the grave, no mortal eye hath seen—  
 To bring to light Eternity's dread scene:  
 What this world is, and has been since the *fall*,  
 A few brief years will give a *gust* to all!  
 I only know, what 's in the world to come—  
 And I alone, can tell what 's the doom  
 Of sinful man—Then by myself I swear,  
*He that's not born again, shall perish there!*  
 Sin, like the poison, which the Hebrews felt,  
 (When in the wilderness, of old they dwelt,)  
 From fiery serpents, diseases every part,  
 And pours its deadly influence thro' the heart.  
 And as the remedy to Israel given,  
 Was by the sov'REIGN will and power of heaven,  
 So, when the sinner 's cur'd, the power's the same—  
 'The antidote is 'looking to the Lamb,'  
 Slain from the earth's foundation; look and live,  
 Is the great lesson I have come to give  
 To fallen man—who learns its import well,  
 Is saved from sin and everlasting hell.  
 God so loved man, as to give up his Son,  
 That in man's form, due honours might be done  
 To his dishonour'd law. In Adam, all transgress—  
 I am the Lord—their perfect righteousness.  
 I am deliver'd for the sins of men,  
 To wo and death, that they may live again.  
 Whoe'er believes, and feels these doctrines true,  
 Is born again—or Gentile, or the Jew!  
 Light has come into this benighted world—  
 'That light, is God's most holy law reveal'd  
 In *Moses' precepts*, and *my pattern* bright:  
 But men avoid, and hate the holy light,  
 And rather choose a state of moral night.\*

\* (John iii. 18 to 21.) In this passage of scripture, Jesus evidently means his own light as a *moral example!* Not his light as "the sun of righteousness" to Zion! It was his moral example and precept, the world hated and hates—shrunk, and still shrinks from—and this, their hatred, of his example and precept, and turning their backs upon him, as that moral light, proved they were depraved and condemned already. Jesus refers to their conduct towards himself, to shew their fallen nature and condemnation.—He then declares, that whosoever believeth in him is not thereafter condemned but justified freely from all things, and *this manifestatively to his*



If they would come to Sinai's holy law,  
 There they would see themselves—as yet they never  
 saw.—

A mirror, burnish'd by the hand of heav'n,  
 Would that law prove; in which their sins engraven,  
 Would so alarm them, that no peace of mind,  
 Nor gleam of heaven-ward hope, could they e'er find.  
 Whoe'er desires to do God's righteous will,  
 Comes to this law, which all his sins reveal—  
 His sins reveal'd, abhorring self, he flies  
 To me the righteous—*then* he never dies;  
 That law 's the judge of all the human race,  
 And with that law, my gospel I preface:  
 Till *THAT* is *felt*, extending to each thought,  
 'THIS is neglected, spurn'd, and set at nought,  
 What God has join'd together, none may part—  
 'The *attempt* proclaims a dark and impious heart.  
 Man's *device* makes a thousand standards more,  
 To judge of man—till blinded o'er and o'er,  
 Each, by another, measures his proud self,  
 And when he 's *bankrupt*, boasts of *moral wealth*.  
 Samaria's border now the Christ receives—  
 He went obedient to high heaven's *decrees*.  
*People* he had, among that hated tribe,  
 For whom he suffer'd,—and for whom he died.  
 A woman loose, and profligate he met  
 At Jacob's well—where wearied, he was set;  
 To whom he spoke of the celestial springs,  
 Whose living water, full salvation brings  
 To vilest souls, and cleanses from all sins. }

own soul! on the contrary, whosoever believeth not, remains in nature's depravity and condemnation to the law! This is the scope, sum and substance of Jesus Christ's meaning in this passage of scripture. And this harmonises exactly with the matter of fact experience of the church and the world, and the tenor of divine revelation.—Nothing but the spirit of Arminianism would ever breathe a different interpretation of the passage.

The difference between Fullerism and Arminianism, appears to be this—The latter says, God will send no man to hell without giving him a chance to secure for himself an interest in the salvation of Israel! The former says, that men are condemned because they reject the gospel; and that in fact there was no condemnation until they had so rejected it. If this be true, thrice happy would it have been for *man* that the gospel had never been promulged; for nine out of ten that hear it, reject it: and what is the everlasting happiness of one compared with the everlasting misery of *nine*!

The woman marvell'd, and desir'd to know;  
 Where such choice waters might be found to flow;  
 That as *he* saw her, now herself she felt,  
 Conceived in sin, and laden'd deep with guilt;  
 Relief she ask'd from the dread power of sin,  
 And wept and groan'd to have her soul made clean;  
 Besought Immanuel to inform her mind,  
 Where she the presence of her God might find;  
 That to Jerusalem, Samaritans could not go—  
 And only *there*, 'twas said, God dwelt below.  
 The Saviour answer'd—list! the time is nigh,  
 When souls regenerate, one and all shall fly,  
 Into my name: and there their God adore,  
 Their superstitions, and vain forms give o'er.  
 God, is a Spirit diffus'd throughout all space—  
 No form describes him, and no time or place  
 Controls his presence—equally he dwells  
 In highest heaven, and earth's unfathom'd cells.  
 Who feel the unction of devotion burn  
 In their new hearts, are ever prompt to learn  
 The precious truth; the water I will give  
 To those who thirst, shall in their spirits live  
 A springing well, eternal as my throne—  
 And all the glory be secur'd my own!

The woman heard, and flew away to tell  
 Her friends and kindred, of Immanuel.  
 Come, come, she cries, to Jacob's well, and see  
 Some glorious One, resembling Deity!—  
 He told me all my thoughts, my heart and life,  
 And how to live, I've been a faithless wife;  
 Must *this* not be the long-foretold Messiah?  
 Lost Israel's hope, and the whole world's desire!  
 Of whom 'tis written—I will Jacob show  
 All his transgressions—Israel too, shall know  
 His numerous sins. In both their souls, shall rise  
 Wailings and groans, whose voice shall reach the  
 skies,

As that repentance, which alone ne'er dies.  
 Meanwhile, Disciples their great Master greet  
 With proffer'd food, and urge him much to eat.  
 I've meat, said Jesus, that ye know not of—  
 'Tis to perform the will of God above,  
 And finish his great work of saving love.  
 The day is coming when you too, shall feel

How high the Spirit mounts, that has his will  
 For its great pole-star; and how much endure,  
 That heav'n-born soul, that does its God adore!  
 With what solicitude do men compute  
 'The varied seasons, till the earth yields fruit:  
 E'en you exclaim, within a few months more,  
 Again we'll reap our ample annual store  
 Of golden grain; again our vallies ring,  
 With songs of those who shout the harvest hymn.  
 If joys thus high, expand the human breast,  
 When with their earthly bread, each season 's bless'd,  
 How vast my joy, when I shall gather in,  
 Those sheaves of grace I've saved from hell and sin!  
 How full my glory, when I shall make good,  
 That harvest *sown and nurtur'd in my blood!*  
 This joy is set before me; and for it I brave  
 Unfathom'd woes, and taste death's bitterest wave.  
 O look, my friends! the ripening harvest 's come,  
 When my elect *shall* gather to their home;  
 Already are their whit'ning heads bow'd down  
 In penitence, which God himself shall own  
 As unto life, through his exalted Son! }  
 Pray ye the Lord, that lab'ers may increase,  
 And reap in righteousness the sheaves of grace;  
 Until the time come, when you all shall meet  
 In my great garner, as the chosen wheat:  
 When joys of him who sow, and they who reap,  
 Shall be eternal, and exceeding great.  
 While thus the Saviour his disciples taught,  
 The woman had a thousand neighbours brought  
 To Jacob's well—these, too, his words attend,  
 And hail him Christ, the sinner's only friend!  
 This doctrine taught, and works of mercy done,  
 The Jews in wrath now charge upon the Son,  
 A breach of Moses' law—because, said they,  
 Thou'st done these things upon the Sabbath day.  
 To whom, Immanuel thus an answer gave—  
 I know the law which you from Moses have—  
 From heaven it came.—I am the mighty Lord  
 Of e'en the Sabbath day, ordain'd of God.  
 Who gave the law, he only, can annul:  
 The Lord of th' Sabbath, is the God of all!  
 These truths displease you, fill your hearts with rage,  
 And urge you now most impious to engage



In bloodiest deed against my sinless life;  
 And henceforth to maintain the fiercest strife  
 Against my person—doctrine—and my cause,  
 And make your own blind passions all your laws:  
 But I'm the same—eternally the same—  
 I work as God—Immanuel is my name;  
 I raise the dead—I quicken whom I will—  
 I lift to heaven—I sink to lowest hell!  
 I judge the world—the mighty universe!  
 My smile is bliss; my frown the heaviest curse:  
 Who honours not the Son as the great Sire,  
 May say he worships, but he is a liar.  
 Who hear my words, and thus believe on me,  
 They shall be bless'd thro' vast eternity.  
 The hour is coming, and is now at hand,  
 When those who 're dead shall hear my great command  
 Say to them, sleeping in sin's awful grave,  
 'Awake—come forth,' it is my will to save  
 Your souls from sin—obedient they shall live,  
 And thro' all ages, shall due honour give  
 To their Redeemer's name—which honours shall be full  
 When o'er creation my loud voice shall roll,  
 To wake each atom of the mortal dead,  
 From the long slumber of their dreamless bed.  
 Thus I will speak: all flesh shall then appear  
 Before my throne, their final doom to hear.  
 The good to life and endless joys shall rise,  
 The wicked to taste the death that never dies!  
 I can in my *mere manhood*, nothing do  
 Of all you've seen, or all I've promis'd you  
 I will perform; yet is my judgment just  
 Or of myself, or you, from last to first.  
 My works and Father, testify of me—  
 He owns me Son—they speak my Deity!  
 Search ye the scriptures, for in them ye say,  
 Ye have eternal life—and they are they  
 That testify of Christ. THEY thus proclaim,  
 The countless honours of his matchless name,  
 JEHOVAH call'd! of whom all Israel boasts:  
 The GOD of JACOB, and the Lord of Hosts!!  
 The FIRST and LAST in heaven's unceasing praise,  
 The ANCIENT of interminable days:  
 A God most true—most great—God over all:  
 Before whom, heaven bows and devils fall!

Of his ETERNITY, those scriptures tell,  
 And loud proclaim him the *Immutable*:  
 Whose presence fills the boundless universe—  
 Whose eye Omniscient, does all space traverse;  
 While his Omnipotence, their pages prove,  
 And deep engrave his name '*The God of Love!*'  
 To *him*, those scriptures every work assign—  
 Or what eternity unfolds, or what in time,  
 By *him*, all are upheld. on *him* depend:  
 He their beginning, and their final end.  
 Of *him*, the holy oracles have said,  
 The woman's seed *shall* bruise the serpent's head;  
 While Moses cries, his bosom fill'd with praise,  
 A prophet *shall* the Lord to Israel raise,  
 Like unto me—*him* SHALL the people hear,  
 And Jew and Gentile each, his name revere.  
 Old Jacob wrestled with him thro' the night—  
 The man! the God! nor e'er forgot the sight;  
 But dying look'd thro' ages yet to come,  
 And thus predicts the advent of the *Son*.  
 Hear ye my sons! now tottering o'er the grave,  
 I bow myself to taste death's icy wave;  
 Ere I depart, I claim your solemn thought,  
 Of the bright vision to my spirit brought.  
*That angel* who, hath saved myself and you,  
 And led me all life's fitful journey thro',  
 Appears! His inspiration all my powers feel,  
 And thus, triumphant, I his truth reveal.  
 From Judah's hands, the sceptre shall not go  
 Till *he* appear from heaven, to man below:  
 To him, the gath'ring nations all *shall* come—  
 The world's vast empire own *his* sway alone.  
 O glorious day, when that bless'd angel reigns,  
 The end of human crimes and mortal pains!  
 Thus Israel spake—heav'n beaming in his face,  
 And fell, exultant, in death's cold embrace.  
 Now holy Job, beholds *his* day afar,  
 Gleaming thro' clouds, like the bright morning star;  
 To heaven he lifts his hands and tear-dimm'd eyes,  
 With sacred rapture—then the patriarch cries,  
 I know that my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand  
 At the last day on earth—and give command  
 To the pale inmates of the narrow tomb,

'To lift their heads, and to his presence come.  
 'Then joyful, to corruption may I say,  
 'Thou art my Father—hasten thou this way—  
 And to the *grave*, O mother, let my head  
 Repose within thee as my downy bed.  
 My mothers and my sisters, clay-clod worms,  
 O how I long to have your sinewy forms,  
 Wanton and sport within this curious cell,  
 In which my soul 's confin'd, and there to dwell  
 Battening on this now fainting, tortur'd flesh,  
 And at life's fountain moisten'd and refresh'd.  
 All this I hail as my soul's final good;  
 For thus in flesh refin'd, I'll see my God: \*  
 And *him*, whose mem'ry the bless'd psalms embalm,  
 Whom Zion gives as minstrel, bay and palm,  
 He by the Spirit, says of Christ *to come*,  
 'My Lord and God! my long-desir'd Son! }  
 Thy foes shall fall—Jehovah's is thy throne;  
 'Thou wilt not leave me to the grave or sin—  
 'Thou'lt raise my body, make my soul all clean.  
 Thee I shall worship in thy courts above,  
 And swell the anthem of redeeming love.'  
 Isaiah now, the prince of prophets, cries,  
 'Behold, descending from the lofty skies,  
 'The Holy One of God! to us he 's given,  
 A child! a Son! the God of earth and heaven!  
 'The government shall on his shoulders *rest*;  
 And therein *Israel* be forever blest.  
 His name, (*incarnate*) shall be "Wonderful—  
 'The Mighty God," who filleth all in all!  
 'The Everlasting *sire* of *Israel's* race,  
 'The warrior roll'd in blood—"The Prince of Peace."  
 For me the scriptures prophesy—for me run blood—  
 And bring to view, all that is great and good

\* The denial of the resurrection of the body, by a numerous denomination of *professed* christians, furnishes out one impressive evidence that man, in nature under the delusion and influence of the Devil, will disbelieve every truth of the Bible—Indeed it is worthy of notice again and again—that the Devil has at last, raised up about as many denominations of professors, as is necessary to enable him to have a *separate* and distinct *instrument*, for assailing every important truth in the Doctrine of the Gospel!! And then he comes forward with a proposition to exercise charity for one, and for *all*! i. e. Believe *all* to be in the truth, tho' *all-together*, deny and denounce *all* the truths of the gospel!!



In human life; as a faint type of me,  
 So glorious they—what must the substance be!  
 Such testimony do, your prophets give—  
 And yet I know, you never will believe:  
 How can you—when earth's honours are your God—  
 Nor own my righteousness, nor want my blood!  
 Your Rabbies teach, to be far-famed for *lore*—  
 God's wisdom they exclude—their own adore;  
 Your Rabbies rule—God's providence exclude,  
 That men may *laud them*, for their country's good;  
 Your Priests burn incense, with unhallow'd fire—  
 Exalt Jehovah—but themselves still higher,  
 But all is done in the Eternal's name,  
 And heaven's made pander, thus to spread their fame.  
 The *world's* epitome! from north to south,  
 From east to west, such is its moral *growth*,  
 Rabbies and heroes, scribes and priests and kings—  
 Their virtue from pride and vanity, all springs;  
 While each, obsequious to the other bows,  
 Flatters—is flatter'd—nor higher motive knows.\*  
 And now to Gallilee, the Saviour moves,  
 Follow'd by those who love, and whom he loves:  
 And here, mirac'lous he five thousand fed,  
 From two small fishes, and five loaves of bread;  
 They with one voice, when their strange feast was  
     done,  
 Declare him in truth, the prophet that *should* come;  
 Make heaven and earth with his loud praises ring—  
 Offer to make and claim him for their king.  
 To whom the Saviour, thus himself declar'd—  
 I see you now, are one and all prepar'd  
 To follow me—the object too I know,  
 For which, so zealous after me ye go.  
 The loaves are in your eyes—these move your feet;  
 The bread of idleness, you find is sweet.  
 My awful power none of your spirits moves,  
 You're all engross'd with the mirac'lous loaves.  
 You are the first fruits of a *numerous tribe*,  
 Whom loaves and fishes shall *inspire and guide*,  
 As my disciples, in an outward form,  
 Who will *mendicity* itself *adorn*.

\* Who is prepared to deny this? no one having common sense, and extensive intercourses with the *professing* world!

So, now, the world in raptures those adore  
 Who feed its appetites, and promise more;  
 Who *see* its present and prospective worth,  
 In mind and words; and glowing set it forth,  
 As heaven's bright image--(albeit yet to come!)  
 And *only* claim the glory as their own.  
 Hence—who has made two spears of grass to rise,  
 Where one but grew, is lauded to the skies,  
 As man's great patron—wonder of the age! \*  
 Statesman and patriot, philosopher and sage!  
 While millions sacrifice to Frenchman's blood,  
 Hail him their Saviour—toast him as their God!  
 Thus honour to the man who acts a part,  
 To feast man's senses, or his pride of heart,  
 In his great praise, tongues eloquently move,  
 While dumb and speechless of *the God of love!*  
 Thus, *earthly*, do they think and speak of earth,  
 And prove they know not the celestial birth.  
 Albeit among the Galellians some,  
 In nature's pride inquire, what must be done  
 To work the works of God—to please high heaven,  
 To save their souls, and have their sins forgiven.  
 To whom the Saviour—'tis by Jehovah's power,  
 'That man believes—the Godhead is the doer,  
 Of this great work, the sov'reign gift of grace,  
 God is the author—God's be all the praise.  
 Were you indeed, true follow'rs of me,  
 Your hearts desire and prayer to God would be,  
 To give your souls imperishable bread,  
 'That on it you might evermore be fed,  
 To life eternal—here each soul would feast,  
 Wonder, adore, that it was made a guest  
 At this rich banquet—and in holy strife  
 Contend for *me*, as the true bread of life!  
 But tho' you 've seen me, this you don't believe,  
 Or that my flesh, can life eternal give.  
 † All that the Father gave me, shall confess

\* Vide—Benjamin Franklin's life.

† The stupid Jews, (like the stupid Arminians of the present day) thought, that the character of Christ and of his doctrine, was to be estimated by the *artificial* distinctions of life, or the *numbers* that followed him: Jesus saw into their hearts---and calmly replied, "*All that my Father hath given me shall come unto me.*"---This was the *Elect Head's* consolation, so it must be of the evangelical minis-

I am the Lord—their souls great righteousness.  
 For this they'll labour, and for this they'll groan,  
 'Till all my fulness shall be made their own.  
 Such is the Father's *will*—it must be done!  
 From his all-glorious, everlasting throne,  
 He says, My counsel *shall* forever stand,  
 My work shall prosper in my Servant's hand:  
 All who 're to life ordained, will believe,  
 I come to seek them, and they'll me receive.  
 'The Father gave them---what he gave, I prize—  
 For them Christ liveth; and for them he dies—  
 With me they'll suffer, and with me they'll rise! }  
 Cease ye to murmur at the *sov'reign* grace,  
 Which the great doctrine of my lips displays.  
 Is your eye evil because I am good?  
 Shall th' *hungry* starve because *you hate* the food?  
 What 's gall and wormwood to your carnal mind,  
 More sweet than honey, my elect all find!  
 Drawn by the Father, my embrace they seek—  
 Undrawn by him—in sin's dark grave they sleep.  
 'Thus it is written in prophetic word,  
 "And all thy people *shall* be taught of God."  
 If taught of him, on them convictions fall  
 'That Christ's their Lord, their God, their all in all.

Indignant, now the multitude depart—  
 The words of Christ had cut them to the heart.  
 The false professor found his guile explor'd,  
 'The Pharisee, the idol he ador'd  
 Denounced as loathsome in the sight of God.  
 So, still the doctrine of electing love,  
 When preach'd *DETECTS*, and hypocrites all prove\*—  
 Who still exclaim, 'what sayings! heavens, how hard!  
 † All, but th' Elect of *sov'reign* grace debarred.'

ter---Christ spurned *mere* appearances of rank or *numbers* in his fol-  
 lowers---and so *must* those churches and ministers, who have the  
 mind that was in him!

\* The same cause will produce the same effects! Let the same  
 doctrine be preach'd and most professors will fly like chaff before  
 the *fan*!

† Nothing is more frequent in the ministry of Arminians than for  
 them to say—did we believe, "*once in grace*, always in grace; we  
 would live as we list---we would eat, drink and be merry, and in-  
 dulse ourselves in all sin."--For once they speak truth! they would  
 do so---and in that very acknowledgment testify, that their inclina-



Let's *leave* such doctrine—Satan is its sire,  
 And every one who holds it is a liar.  
 Albeit, there 's some who think the *middle way*,  
 Is the *expedient*; and warm profess to pray,  
 That those who preach the doctrine, and who revile,  
 May mutual yield, and on each other smile,  
 In *christian* love and unity; while each esteem,  
 HALF TRUTH, HALF LIES, the Gospel's glorious theme.  
 Ye hypocrites! ye serpents! can you tell,  
 How you may escape the devil and his hell?  
 All *now*, the Christ forsook, except *the few*,  
 To whom he said—"will ye forsake me too?"  
 The impetuous Peter, answer'd for the rest,  
 And thus their feelings and their views express'd.  
 Lord of our life, to whom then shall we go—  
 There 's none our hearts desire to serve below  
 But thy dear self—thou hast the words of life—  
 Thee, we will follow in thy peace and strife.  
 Depart from thee! what, when we feel assur'd  
 Thou art the Christ, the anointed of the Lord,  
 On whom we rest our oft delighted eye,  
 And to thy arms for endless refuge fly:  
 Thou must be ours, or we forever die! }  
 Bless'd art thou Simon, Jesus then replied,  
 To me in bonds eternal, thou 'rt allied;  
*My Father taught thee* who and what I am,  
 The brightness of *his* glory—sin's atoning lamb.  
 You twelve I have chosen—and you seem to prove  
 Yourselves confirm'd in faith and holy love.  
 Yet of your number, one is full of evil,  
 And in the end, will prove himself a devil.  
 Thus will it be, in every age to come,  
 That in my church below, there will be some  
 Assign'd, or *chosen* in *God's* providence,  
 To Zion, various service to dispense,  
 Who yet, *essential*, have no part in grace,  
 Or of my chosen, or regenerate race.  
 And now the tabernacle feast came on;  
 To which, Christ's brethren urge him to be gone.  
 No man, said they, *if honest*, ere will claim,

tion is to sin! that a carnal, sensual, devilish nature, is still their  
 own! The child of grace however, cannot live in, or love sin—*holi-*  
*ness* is his element, for God has made him a new creature! the  
 Spirit has made him holiness unto the Lord! unto Jehovah!



From *hidden* deeds the meed of public fame;  
 If you and your mission be indeed divine,  
 Why not appear in Jewry at *this* time?  
 Where now are met our rulers, great and wise,—  
*They'll* prove thy power infernal—thy doctrine lies.  
 Thus did *their* conduct forcibly express  
 That nature's ties are wide from those of grace,  
 That who, of th' *flesh*, were breth'ren of the Lord,  
 Revil'd the Christ, and all his truth abhorr'd.  
 To them, Immanuel thus himself address'd,  
 And on their minds, his heavenly doctrine press'd:  
 My *time*, said he, is not arrived to go  
 To Judea's feast: with you it is not so.  
 Your time is always ready; you can fill  
 Your part in union with this vain world's will—  
 Whose children you, by *nature's* spirit are,—  
 One in their labours and their earthly care.  
*You*, they cannot hate—*you*, they will receive,  
 And all the service that you have to give.  
 Their pride you flatter, and their maxims learn,  
 For their idolatries with zeal you burn;  
 Nor will the world e'er cease to smile upon  
 A man or devil, if he but prolong  
 Their pride—and pomp—he's timbrel and their song. }  
 Go then, the world's own children, to the feast—  
 You each, no doubt, will prove a welcome guest.  
 One will be with you, after whose dark work  
 Has more progressed, I also will go up.  
 Till then, my going is forbid of him,  
 Who's God around me, and a God within.  
 The world hates me because I prove it evil,  
 A mass of sin, and captive to the Devil.  
 I am *ordain'd* of God, to *seek* and *save*  
 Those whom Jehovah loves and to me gave.  
 The *time*, the *place*, for me to meet with them,  
 By God's determin'd, tho' unknown to men.  
 Where'er their sojourn on this woe-worn earth,  
 There shall my word and spirit give them birth.  
 At the FULL time, the Saviour secret goes  
 Up to the feast, where murmuring friends and foes  
 Inquire for him—or if he's to appear  
 At their great banquet, and his truths declare.  
 'Twas then, *as now*—they murmur'd different views  
 Of Christ—his miracles and glorious truths.

Some thought him a good man—and some a bad,  
 Some thought him wisdom—and some said he 's mad—  
 As *now* 'twas *then*—a thousand notions rose  
 In man's vain mind, of him, who none e'er knows,  
 But those to whom the spirit's power is given,  
 To feel *themselves* a HELL, and *Jesus Christ* their  
 HEAVEN!

To all the malice, ignorance and lies  
 Of these revilers, Jesus thus replies.  
 My doctrine that, in boldest terms, embrace  
 The fallen nature of the human race,  
 And God's DISCRIMINATING, SOV'REIGN grace,  
 Is not *my* doctrine, but it is that of him,  
 Who sent me on earth to save from hell and sin.  
 To him who does *Jehovah's will* perform,  
 Which will is by his spirit to transform,  
 And from *which will*, my people are all born;  
 He shall the doctrine know, as God's own truth,  
 Or hoary age, or inexperienced youth.  
 Whoe'er has aught of his vain self to say,  
 As *agent* in salvation's work or way,  
 Is a blasphemer, or a Deity!  
 There is a glory in the vast design  
 And mighty act, of pard'ning human crime,  
 Of which, *Jehovah* never will dispense  
 One ray to any but Omnipotence.  
 I seek not mortal's, but *Jehovah's* fame—  
 This proves itself from who, and whence I came.  
 The *Son of man* has nothing—nothing claims  
 On earth, but sufferings, infamy and pains;  
 The *Son of God*, demands an equal share,  
 In th' Father's glory, of which he 's heir.  
 \*Ye know me, and ye know from whence I am,  
 My earliest and my latest years *as man*:  
 In all my acts, in all my words, I've been  
 Harmless, and undefiled, and free from sin.  
 A life like mine, is the best guarantee,  
 I honour God, and he will honour me.  
 And now the last day of the feast arrives—

\* Arminianism here, with its characteristick ignorance, supposes that those Jews knew him as *the Saviour*, when it was his mere life as an harmless man, and good citizen, that Jesus is speaking of; and which they knew from first to last: hence he said—"which of you convinceth me of sin."

Jesus stands forth, and vehemently cries,  
 'Whoever thirsts, O let him come to me,  
 (Whate'er his nation or his crimes may be,)  
 And drink the waters that I will reveal,  
 Which in his soul, shall prove a *living well*.  
 Man thirsts for pleasure, honour, and for wealth—  
 The poor for bread, the sick man pants for health.  
 'Midst this vast concourse, is there *not one*,  
 Who thirsts for *life* in God's eternal Son?  
 Not *one*, who lifts his eyes and heart to me,  
 And cries, O Christ, my soul does pant for thee,  
 More than the swelling fish pants for the sea!  
 If such there be—to me, O sinner come,  
 And share the river flowing from my throne.  
 Fierce now the wrath of rul'd and rulers grew—  
 To mount of Olives, Immanuel then withdrew;  
 There thro' night watches, Jesus sought the face  
 Of his great Father, and his lov'd embrace.  
 To cheer and elevate once more his heart  
 In ardent zeal to finish the great part,  
 Design'd him to fulfil—the Father heard  
 The voice of his beloved, and appear'd  
 To his delighted vision, in those glories high,  
 Which the Son shared from all eternity.  
 Again, the Saviour felt the mighty glow  
 Of Deity's own consolation, flow  
 Through all his soul; and strengthen'd to sustain  
 The labours, sorrows, o'erwhelming shame—  
 That now were forming for his life's last scene!  
 The day return'd, again he came among  
 The motley group, and wonder-gazing throng,  
 Within the temple; where as he meekly taught,  
 The Scribes and Rulers to his presence brought,  
 A woman, taken in adulterous sin—  
 And, tempting, ask'd that she be judg'd by him.  
 Master, say they, what punishment is due  
 To her transgressions—shall we here pursue  
 The course prescribed by Moses, who doom'd  
 All culprits like her to be swiftly ston'd,  
 Till they were dead—but Master, what say'st thou?  
 Was their inquiry, with the artful view,  
 To tempt him in some seeming form, to stand  
 In opposition to divine command



'To their great leader given; that attain'd,  
 And well they knew, that furious and inflam'd,  
 'The passions of the Jews would urge them on,  
 In murderous wrath to kill the *Holy One*.  
 Immanuel stoop'd, and on the ground he wrote,  
 As if he heard not what these *serpents* spoke.  
 Again they ask him—while his fingers trace  
 Their moral portrait and their own disgrace.  
 He rais'd himself and thus the throng address'd—  
 Why have ye on me *thus*, this question press'd?  
 Because your natures were so sunk in sin,  
 Your appetites so beastly and unclean,  
 That e'en your plighted matrimonial oaths,  
 Could not the flood-gates of your lusts oppose—  
 To save your species from a brute-like state,  
 And the fell curse, unbridled lusts create,  
 God gave to Moses a command to kill  
 The woman, that in the foul transgression fell.  
 But I bring forward other means to check  
 Your brutal passions, and your fears beget;  
 Yet I forbid not any to fulfil  
 The law of Moses, and the adulteress kill.  
 Whoe'er is *sinless*,\* let him cast a stone—  
 'Till *all ye righteous* have your missiles thrown.  
 The Saviour's words the hypocrites *now* felt,  
 And stood convicted of *their secret* guilt;  
 Abash'd, retreated from Immanuel's eye,†  
 Nor more insisted that the culprit die.  
 The woman only, with the Saviour staid—  
 To whom, in gentlest accents now he said,  
 'Thine-accusers, *woman*, are they then all gone,  
 And uncondemn'd have left thee here alone?  
 Then go in peace—I know thy heart contrite,  
 And that thou seest thyself in a true light  
 As chief of sinners. I break no bruised reed!  
 But every stream of godly sorrow feed!  
 To judge you after different laws of men,

\* 'Tis well that this law of Moses' is abrogated, or the *numerous, perfect* and *sinless* professors in the Methodist church, would have prodigious labour—and vast would be the havoc they would make, of the frail daughters of Eve!

† In the same manner our modern Pharisees, alias Arminians, will shrink away from the eye of Jesus, in the judgment day!



Is not my province—that power is given them,  
 Whose kingdom is below—go sin no more,  
 Lest a worse evil fall you than before.  
 The Jews returning—Christ once more began  
 To preach himself, the light and life of man!  
 ‘The world, said he, in grossest darkness lies,  
 In sin conceived—in sin it lives and dies;  
 In sparks of their own kindling they pursue  
 A thousand paths, nor find the one that’s true.  
 Nor in their darkness and their errors think,  
 Their feet are sliding down damnation’s brink;  
 Or care they for the endless worlds to come,  
 If they but have possessions in *this* one.  
 I am the light!—who follows me shall find  
 Joys that shall fill his vast, immortal mind.  
 His path shall shine in brightening prospects on,  
 ’Till death shall bear him to celestial noon  
 Of day immortal—where the Son of God,  
 Shall ceaseless, spread his glories all abroad,  
 O’er every eye; and warm each holy soul,  
 And consummate the vision of the whole.  
 One point, the subject’s brought to—that is this—  
 Whoever hopes, or seeks for heavenly bliss,  
 Must learn of me—the beggar and the prince  
 Alike, must my bless’d Spirit still convince,  
 I am their light.—The life of man proclaims  
 In every age, that darkness o’er him reigns;  
 In reference to that world to which he goes,  
 In all its blessedness and all its woes.  
 Ye judge me after my *mere form as man*,  
 Nor know from whence I came—or who I am—  
 Tho’ I be clothed in flesh, can ye not see,  
 No signs, no features of the God in me?  
 Has ever man or creature spoken as I speak?  
 Can man or angels, my great acts repeat?  
 O blind, blind mortals—first of those to come  
 In after years, who shall esteem the Son  
 Angelic—super-human—or much less—  
 And treat his blood and his great righteousness,  
 As nothing better than their own vile forms,  
 And God’s own image, class with guilty worms.  
 But they and you shall all die in your sins—  
 And when you grasp at heaven, your hell begins.

ALL ARE IN SIN—they who do not believe in me,  
 In sin *continue*, through eternity!  
 Condemn'd already!—*ere* my gospel came!  
 And not believing, they condemn'd *remain*.  
 Not by *my gospel* cursed! But by the law,  
 Other condemnation, *in my word* none e'er saw!  
 I go my way, to my great throne on high,  
 By paths unknown to e'en the vultures eye.  
 In vain you'll seek me—neither can *you* come  
 To where I go, when my great work is done.  
 Ye are from *beneath*, but I am from *above*—  
 In different course our thoughts and feelings move.  
 Mine flow to glorify Jehovah's name,  
 And yours, to prove from sin and hell they came.  
 I have many things to say and judge of you—  
 But he who sent me, is *forever true*,  
 Or sleeps his vengeance, or his judgments slow. }  
 Whoe'er *continues* in my word will prove,  
 They are the objects of my Father's love;  
 For 'tis ordain'd that this shall be a sign,  
*Who* have me theirs, and are forever *mine*!  
*They shall* know the truth, the truth shall make them  
 free

From earth, from hell, from sin and misery.  
 Whoe'er professes to be born of God,  
 And then returns to tread in sin's broad road,  
 By this will manifest they're not my sheep:  
 For all my flock, *Jehovah's power keeps*!  
 Ye boast of freedom, when the slaves of sin,  
 Call Abraham Father, tho' no more like him  
 Than vulture 's like the dove—he, friend of God—  
 Ye thirst to shed your very Maker's blood.  
 What dire delusion overspreads your brain,  
 When children's place with Israel's God you claim;  
 Call him your Father—of his favours tell—  
 When Satan's your sire, and your portion hell.  
*Thus* countless numbers thro' a future age,  
 Shall speak of God, and of themselves presage  
 In different *forms* and names, themselves profess,  
 Begot of God, and subjects of his grace;  
 When darkness shrouds their mind—their hearts will  
 rage—  
 Against my glory, and my *truth* engage

Your Father Abraham, saw my day afar,  
 Beaming resplendent as the polar star;  
 Rejoicing saw it with exceeding joy—  
 The blessed PRELUDE, all his thoughts employ.  
 Before his day I was—the same shall be  
 Thro' life—in death—and all eternity!  
 Furious, the incarnate demons now become,  
 And breathing slaughter, essay Christ to stone,  
 E'en in the temple—where, profess'd they came,  
 To worship in Jehovah's awful name.  
 Full well that scene our modern *forms* describe,  
 Or rampant vanity or wounded pride.  
 The ample temple, fretted aisles and dome,  
 The gilded pulpit, and the organ's tone,  
 Feed thousand's vanity, and bid them rise  
 In self-esteem, above the very skies.  
 But should some one by accident appear  
 Within their temple, and *the truth* declare;  
 Contrast their temple with their hearts and mind,  
 That beastly foul—and *this* more beastly blind,  
 How would their pride, insulted, urge them on,  
 To curse the doctrine and the preacher stone  
 With calumny—contempt, and each bad name,  
 Until they murdered all his honest fame.  
 Jesus retired from the infuriate throng,  
 Within the temple—and as he pass'd along,  
 He saw a man who from his birth was blind,  
 With whom he stopped in purposes most kind.  
 The disciples notice and inquire of him,  
 Whether the parent's or the child's great sin  
 Had been the cause: The Saviour, brief replies,  
 Ye err in judgment why he has no eyes.  
 This man nor parents either e'er did sin,  
 More than all others who are born therein.  
 What think you? those on whom the tower fell  
 Were greatest sinners than have went to hell?  
 Or those whose blood with Pilate's offering flow'd,  
 When sacrificing to his idol God?  
 I tell you nay—nor longer dream ye thus—  
 Man—one and all—are 'neath the *law's* dread curse.  
 One mind they have—it's darkness—awful night—  
 One heart they have—it's enmity to light—  
 One path they have—the broad and downward road—



They worship the creature and the world's their God.  
*One heaven* the righteous have in worlds to come—  
*One hell* the wicked find, their endless doom—  
 God ne'er has taught you that there are degrees  
 Of joy in heaven, or torment in those seas  
 Of Tophet's flame. Each saint's ordain'd to be,  
 Heirs of God's glory and joint heirs with me!  
 Proud man—false teachers may from this inquire,  
 What greater portion *Israel* can desire,  
 And *what* they are, who look for *something* higher? }  
 The fire prepared for Satan and his crew,  
 Is the dread portion of each sinner too;  
 The doctrine of *degree*, of *hell* and *heaven*;  
 Springs from man's pride, and is delusion's leaven.\*  
 Man's natural, and his moral blindness too,  
 But serve to show what sov'reign grace can do.  
 All nature's maladies its power can quell;  
 Its mighty acts redeem from sin and hell.  
 The works I work, inverting nature's laws,  
 Proclaim who is the essential and first cause;  
 And well may prove to all the human race,  
 The secret omnipotence of reigning grace.  
 For sov'reign judgment to the world I came—  
 Eyes give I to the blind, feet to the lame—  
 I quench the light of those who think they see,  
 Make blind and lame each righteous pharisee.  
 Who enters not into the fold of grace,  
 By me *the door*, shall never see the face  
 Of God in peace. Who climbs some other way  
 Into the fold, shall in the judgment day,  
 Be sentenced as a robber of his God,  
 And feel forever, his avenging rod.  
 All that have come before me, are but thieves—  
 Their doctrine falsehoods, and their life deceives;  
 The mantle of their literary fame,  
 When raised, but left them a mere Rabbi's *name*.

\* I am aware that this sentiment will make a hue and cry! But I believe that the scriptures will fully support the sentiment: unless *they* represent a Devil in *chains*, *less* a Devil than when roaming at large! Should any person of the calvinistic faith, offer any argument, or authority, *drawn* from the scriptures, or sound philosophy to the contrary, I shall duly notice it!--If I am wrong, Arminianism is right!



Their vain traditions, dawning day did quench,  
 Their light delusion—and their presence, stench.  
 Again I say, I am the only door  
 To heaven—thro' which the rich man or the poor,  
 Can ever enter.—This the sheep well know,  
 And other way, into the fold wont go:  
 For they are helpless, and salvation crave,  
 And *feel* my arm Omnipotent to save.  
 At my command, my spirit seeks my sheep,  
 At my command, their wand'ring feet he'll keep—  
 He sanctifies, or puts each of them forth.  
 From east to west, and from the south and north,  
 I call them by that spirit—lead them out  
 From nature's darkness, and the world's vile rout.  
 I go before them in that Spirit's power—  
 They follow me—*I keep them every hour!*  
 My voice they hear—they know '*the certain sound.*'  
 'Tis music in their ears—a balm for each wound!  
 A stranger's voice they will not follow now,  
 A stranger's voice my sheep can never know.  
 When mine they've heard—a stranger's voice they'll  
     flee,  
 As plague and pestilence or infamy.  
 All but my sheep, do only *force* their way  
 Into the fold, to make the sheep their prey,  
 Make merchandize of *pasture* and of flock—  
 Insult—betray—and artfully provoke,  
 To their BASE PROJECTS, those who think no guile,  
 And glory in the infamy and spoil.  
 I'm the good shepherd, and my life I give,  
 That my dear sheep, may all forever live;  
 Their lives are hid with me, their Christ, in God—  
 I'll wash them clean, in my own precious blood.  
 Each one I know—they 're ever in my view—  
 On earth I'll own them, and in glory too.

\* Will the Baptist society ask themselves, what servants or service they have derived from their theological seminaries? Or, if Baalam's ass, was not about as laborious and luminous a *divine*, as any one of the protoges of these institutions has been! Or if Judas Iscariot moved less from under the influence of the mammon of unrighteousness, than these *excrescences* do! Let the Baptist church ask, when or where they have seen them *evangelically* engaged; and the merits of the case are met:—Surely they have a right to do so, when this *fry* have cost them \$100,000!

Me they *shall* know as him whose blood was spilt,  
 To wash their souls and free them from their guilt.  
 Not more distinctly does my Father know,  
 Me, as his Son, from creatures here below,  
 Than I know those among the human race,  
 Who are my sheep, and destin'd *heirs* of grace.  
 And now arrives the long-expected time,  
 When Gentiles shall appear as sheep of mine;  
 As such, the Father gave them to his Son,  
 That Jew and Gentile might in me be one!  
 They are wand'ring now in sin and darkest night—  
 Them I *must* also bring to heavenly light.  
 They *shall* hear my voice, and enter in my fold—  
 One flock, one shepherd, will the end unfold.  
 You ask again—if I'm the Christ of God?  
 Still unbelieving in my solemn word.  
 Once more, I bid you all my works survey,  
 And due attention to their import pay.  
 If ye believe not, it is indeed because,  
 Ye are not my sheep, or subjects of my laws  
 As Mediator—my sheep hear and follow me  
 From earth, from hell, from sin I'll set them free;  
 I give unto them an ETERNAL life!  
 They are my bride—my long betrothed wife—  
 They ne'er shall perish, or from my hand be pluck'd—  
 The everlasting arms *shall* bear them up,  
 Thro' all the fury of life's stormy sea,  
 With me they'll suffer, and then reign with me.  
 My Father gave me all my chosen sheep;  
 He loves them in me, and will safely keep,  
 The shepherd and the fold—with him I'm one—  
 They know the Father, who have known the Son!  
 Ye stone me now—say ye—for which good deed,  
 Does all your rage and violence proceed?  
 Or would ye have me, my very self deny,  
 And for your excuse, admit myself to lie.  
 Make what you will of the eternal truth,  
 I'm Son of man, and God's co-equal both—  
 You hate the doctrine—whence is your dislike?  
 Because if true, my judgment must be right.  
 I judge you ignorant, sinful and accursed—  
 In earthly things and selfish views immersed.  
 Now treading down the broad frequented road,

To hell's dark caverns—Satan's dread abode.  
 Nor can you think if I Jehovah be,  
 That of yourselves to judge you can be free.  
 But to my word, your every thought must bow,  
 And own without me, you can nothing know.  
 This galls your pride, your vanity and fame—  
*Dependant* leaves you with the meanest name  
 Upon my teaching—bids your boasted lore,  
 Lie prostrate in the dust and me adore.  
 As little children, ye must learn of me,  
 However great, however wise you be.  
 These truths repeated, still you wont believe,  
 But think by wisdom and your deeds you'll live.  
 This strong delusion on your minds will dwell,  
 Till undeceiv'd you raise your eyes in hell.  
 The doctrine of my Godhead and my GRACE,  
 Is what you abhor—as will the human race  
 In every age—'gainst these will hell array  
 Its fiercest front, and men their guile display  
 In subtle lore; *these truths* will test and prove  
 Who know the Son, and whom the Aliem\* love;  
 Who take the GLORY of my GRACE away,  
 As sov'reign, free, discriminating,—may  
 As well deny my proper Deity!

}

In Bethany, Immanuel now appears  
 'Mong those he loves, and who himself reveres:  
 They had recent laid their brother in the tomb,  
 And all was lamentation and deep gloom.  
 When Christ appear'd, the weeping Mary cried,  
 Lord, hadst *thou* been here, our brother had not died!  
 To whom, the Saviour thus august repli'd:  
 The resurrection and the life I am—  
 I made—I kill—I keep—destroy or save vile man:  
 I give the faith by which the soul shall rise,  
 From sin's dark grave and soaring reach the skies!  
 I too will raise the bodies of all men,  
 And in those bodies, acquit, approve, condemn.—  
 Whoe'er believes in me, shall never die—  
 God's be the glory—every heart reply.  
 But come and shew me where your brother lays,  
 And soon your sorrow shall be turn'd to praise.  
 E'en tho' the worms are battenning on his flesh,

}

\* Aliem or Gods.

And at the fountain of his heart refresh  
 Their appetites voracious—still, your dead  
 Shall hear my voice and leave his loathsome bed.  
 The grave now reach'd, the Saviour said to some  
 Attendant on him—roll away the stone;  
 This done, Immanuel raised his eyes to heaven,  
 And said, Father! I thank thee, that to me is given  
 Thy gracious ear;—that always thou dost hear,  
 And answer to my ever fervent prayer:  
 That now I do, in feeble mortal's form,  
 A deed, from which some present here, shall learn,  
 I'm God their Saviour, and thine own first-born! }  
 This homage paid, the *anointed* cried, come forth  
 Thou Lazarus, mouldering in the humid earth!  
 The dead arose—the event was made the mean,  
 Of raising many from the grave of sin,  
 To a new life, in th' kingdom of Christ's grace,  
 Their precious pledge of everlasting peace.  
 The Pharisees now heard of Christ's great deed—  
 All former bounds, their passions here exceed;  
 And now a council's called, and prompt convene,  
 And fierce determine here to close the scene  
 Of the Messiah's life. Then, of his foes,  
 Caiphas, (high priest of the Jews) arose,  
 And thus address'd prophetic words to them,  
 Tho' priest nor people did their import ken:  
 Ye do not appear thus much to know, said he,  
 That 'tis expedient that this man should be }  
 An offering—that our nation may keep free.  
 Or that this event shall gather from afar,  
 Our scattered tribes, and all to Judea draw.  
 If the great deeds and doctrines of this man,  
 Are but directed to some earthly plan  
 Of aggrandizement, in this event *they* say,  
 He'll stir up th' Roman's cruel jealousy,  
 Who will come and take our liberty away. }  
 The counsel is—that now this man be slain—  
 His single life will be a nation's gain.  
 To this, the council one and all agreed,  
 And now prepare to execute the deed.  
 But Jesus knew their bloody, base intent,  
 And with his followers in retirement went:  
 There waited till the Paschal feast drew nigh,



The time appointed when himself must die.  
 His visits now, to different friends he paid,  
 E'er he was numbered with the sleeping dead.  
 And Bethany once more receives the Lord,  
 And Laz'rus spreads again his ample board.  
 While here the Saviour with his followers eat,  
 The pious Mary, bath'd and wash'd his feet;  
 Anointing them with unguent soft and sweet.  
 At this, indignant, Judas thus observ'd,  
 Why is this waste?—or why have ye thus *serv'd*  
 The feet of Jesus with such costly oil—  
 Why was it not used in charity's sweet toil?  
 The value would be full three hundred pence,  
 Which to the poor would varied good dispense.  
 How many bodies, and how many *souls* now die,  
 For want of *means*, *that* ointment might supply!  
 This said arch Judas, not that once he cared,  
 Or if the poor were fed, or if they starved.  
 The name of charity, or Christ he would press  
 Into his service, that he might possess  
 Himself of money. This dear aim, here was cross'd—  
 He deep deplored that all these pence he lost;  
 Nor could he rest, until he made it good—  
 And to that end, he sold the Saviour's blood.  
 Such Judas was—and such was Judas' God!  
 No lack of likeness in the present brood  
 Of begging teachers—who compass earth and sea,  
 So they get money for *self* charity.  
 They cry for gold—rebuke—exhort and threat—  
 Nor can they *good* perform, till *that* they get!  
 To whom, as Judas, thus the Saviour says:  
 Think ye herein, that this true zeal displays?  
 I feel myself most worthy of your all—  
 What's given to me shall ne'er unfruitful fall:  
 Or in my person, or that of my saints.—  
 The water given, when either of us saints,  
 Shall be recorded as an act of love,  
 And a full recompense received above.  
 Who love me in my members, do proclaim,  
 That they are true believers in my name:  
 Who give to me, by serving my elect,  
 Shall in their souls, the choicest peace beget.  
 Israel I love—for Israel live and die—

For them I rise—for them I reign on high!  
 For them I feel—for them I intercede—  
 E'en God's elect, and Abraham's faithful seed.  
 The world is Satan's—that I pray not for—  
 I pray for those, for whom my soul I pour  
 Out unto death\*—what cause of wonder then,  
 That my own love should be surpass'd by men!  
 †E'en Judas here, exalts *himself* above  
 The God of Jacob, in his claims to love!  
 Ten thousand thousand, shall the world afford,  
 Who, Judas-like, shall rise above the Lord;  
 More full in charities—in grace still higher—  
 Save all the world and Devils from their fire.  
 Should not my doctrine and their claims agree,  
 They'll fill the measure of *their* charity,  
 By cloaking *that*, and telling lies for me. }  
 Who have my *mind* as teachers by me sent,  
 For Israel's weal they labour, and they're spent  
 In charities and doings for the souls  
 Of my elect; this all their heart controls.  
 Their charity, their zeal, their labour and their love,

\* If Jesus Christ prays not for the *world*—Who that has the mind that was in him can pray for it? If Jesus Christ prays only for those whom the Father hath given him, *out of the world*, and had the Spirit without measure: how can the Holy Ghost ever make intercession in the hearts of genuine believers for the salvation of all men? Let them answer this, whom it concerns:—for our own part we believe it mere nature's ebullition of passion; or the *trimming policy* of those, who would be something more than even Jesus Christ himself, at least in the estimation of the world. The simple fact is—the Holy Ghost never put it into the heart of man, yet to pray for the salvation of the world, or all men—but only for those whom the Father has given Christ, out of the world! —If the *contrary*, then the Holy Ghost makes intercession in Christ for one thing, and his people for another!

† This is a striking incident! Judas, judging from *appearances*, was really more charitable, benevolent and evangelically zealous than the Lord Jesus Christ himself—and yet he was a Devil! Who may not, after this, suspect mere appearances! May *we* not suspect those popular Baptist D. D's, who build splendid, *round*, meeting houses in large commercial cities, and cheat orphan and widow, friend and stranger, out of 50,000 dollars to accomplish it! Or who build Baptist colleges and theological seminaries, and defraud the the community out of 100,000 dollars.

☞ Apply for further information to the Editor of the "Columbian Star."

Is to them peculiar—its value known above!  
 No trumpet sounds their fame—no tongues proclaim  
 What mighty acts of love their lives maintain;  
 Nor that *they* save, restore, confirm, and keep  
 My flock—and *make the very world my sheep!*  
 The service that *my shepherds* do my fold,  
 Is not in mortal's eulogy e'er told;  
 When that's *incentive* and the world's *the judge*,  
 That is all delusion—and *this* the pledge.  
 And now the Saviour leaves the peaceful home,  
 Intent once more among his foes to come.  
 While in his way admiring crowds attend,  
 And heaven's vast concave with hosannas *rend*.  
 This multitude was fill'd with joy and dread,  
 To think of him, whose power could raise the dead!  
 They fondly hoped their homage might secure  
 A *living* interest in his almighty power;  
 That he, who a friend had raised from the grave,  
 From death's dire embrace might them also save.\*  
 The Pharisee's exclaim, in maddening throes,  
 Behold this Jesus—the world after him all goes.—  
 Our mandates, frowns and laws do not prevail;  
 The people crowd him and his presence hail!  
 Some Greeks attendant at the paschal feast,  
 Eager inquire if Jesus be a guest—  
 They say to Philip, sir, we wish to see  
 Jesus—the Jew's and Gentile's mystery.  
 Philip and Andrew *thus* inform their Lord,  
 And ~~he~~ an answer to the Greeks afford.  
 The hour is come, in which I am glorified—  
 Life is man's glory;—mine that I have died!  
 The hour of my miracle and doctrine's gone—  
 Those *ensigns* I resign,—and stand alone—  
 The subject of man's meanest, basest form,  
 In human eyes a grovelling reptile worm—  
 Such will the Greeks behold me, and despise,

\* It is very important, that we know upon what ground we estimate, or from what considerations we are attached to the name of Christ! *This* multitude lauded him as one able to give bodily health, and to preserve or raise the body from the grave. The name of Christ now a days, is found *excellent*, and duly lauded by a multitude, because, in that they can get a living from the turn-spit of a college kitchen to the D. D. president.



My life *recorded* as but foolish lies.  
 The corn of wheat that's buried in the earth,  
 But dies to give a countless number birth;  
 So thus I die,—and dying raise to heaven,  
 The numerous seed to me in covenant given.  
 My death 's their life—my infamy their crown—  
 Hell claim'd their souls—I give that hell my own! \*  
 While thus he spake, dire horrors seize his soul,  
 And from his lips, strange words began to roll;  
 My soul, he said, is troubled—what shall I say?  
 Father! O save me from this awful day!  
 So craves my trembling flesh;—but for this hour,  
 I left thy glory, and my regal power.  
 'Tis past! the energies of grace divine,  
 Now makes my prayer—thy will be done—not mine—  
 O Father, glorify thy glorious name!  
 I'll bear the cross and glory in the shame.  
 In awful thunder, now a voice from heaven,  
 Replies to Jesus; and this answer 's given—  
 My name I've glorified—and now proclaim,  
 That I will glorify that name again!  
 In thy obedience, law is magnified,  
 And now my justice must be satisfied  
 By thy life's blood.—My mind is ever one—  
 The *cov'nant's sealed*—THY WORK must now be done, }  
 And die thou must, my nameless, matchless Son!  
 The *multitude* had heard *the voice*, and stood  
 O'erwhelm'd with awe and wrapt in musing mood.  
 This, Christ perceives, and now his lips *repeat*  
 His glorious truth in accents bland and sweet.  
 This voice said he, for you, not me, has come—  
 It testifies, I have Jehovah's pleasure done.  
 He hears my prayer—has promised to fulfil  
 Through me, the counsel of his sov'reign will.  
 A little while the light remains with you—  
 That light's my precept and my example too.  
 My sinless life, and my pure guileless heart,†

\* Spiritual and eternal life to the *elect*, was, and is, in the *promise* of God, as sure as the death of Christ was made sure by the *promises* of God.

† This is a passage of scripture that Mr. Fuller uses with much apparent triumph to prove, that it is the duty of all men to exercise faith, saving faith in Christ! when in fact, it has nothing to do with



Of Moses' law a comment does impart;  
 This shews what man is ever bound to be,  
 In his relation to the Deity.  
 Such light 's offensive to the sons of men;  
 It tests them all, and all it will condemn.  
 While I am with you, walk ye after me—  
 My light may set you from delusion free;  
 Give you, as in a faithful mirror, view  
 Of what God's laws require of man to do.  
 This knowledge given, and men will contrite cry,  
 What shall we do, or whither shall we fly  
 From wrath to come--and then shall grace reveal  
*My works*, to justify, *my blood* to heal,  
 And that I've power to make alive, and power to kill. }  
 My miracles, my ministers, God will use,  
 My life, my word, or what means he may choose,  
 Of sin, of righteousness, and judgment, to convince,  
 And bring the soul to Israel's penitence.  
 Without his power, the means are vain and naught--  
 The *present* proves it, as the *past* has taught.  
 What miracles were wrought in Egypt's land,  
 When Moses, by Jehovah's high command,  
 Spread midnight darkness o'er her, at mid-day—  
 Her waters turn'd to blood—or her first-born slay.  
 But Pharaoh and his host, impious stood  
 Against the wondrous workings of a God.  
 So Israel witness'd thro' the wilderness,  
 The depths of wo, and heights of earthly bliss;  
 And all by miracle.—For them there came  
 Manna from heaven, as a shower of rain;  
 For them, when panting with a deadly thirst,  
 From flinty rock, the living streams out-burst:  
 For them the clouds a moving pillar go,  
 To guide them *daily* all their journey thro'.  
 For them a pillar of mirac'lous light,  
 Appears, to guide them thro' the shades of night.  
 The Sun *recedes*, that Israel's tribes may see,  
 To strike, pursue, and kill their enemy.  
 Again—when Israel fights in Ajalon,  
 To give them light, Jehovah stops the moon:

the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in Christ Jesus, as a  
*Saviour!* But as a moral example!

Yet Israel's prophet cries, who hath believ'd,  
 God's own message, or his word receiv'd.  
 And *now* for three years I have daily done,  
 Such miracles as have been perform'd by none.  
 Yet men believe not!—this will fully give  
 Conclusive proof, that men, *by God* believe!  
 Such doctrine does the word of God declare—  
 Hence says the prince of Prophets, great Isaiah,  
 'To whom hath Jehovah's arm been revealed?  
 'To whom has salvation's prophecy been sealed?  
 'They cannot believe without Jehovah's arm—  
 Miracle and judgment but surprise—alarm.  
 Men's eyes are blinded, harden'd are their hearts:  
 God leaves them so to act their various parts  
 Of *opposition* to his sacred word,  
 And of their *darkness* evidence afford.  
 So God ORDAINS, that heaven and earth may trace  
*The faith of Israel to his sov'REIGN grace!!*  
 So God ordains, that Israel e'er may own,  
 Salvation is of Jacob's God alone! }  
 And OTHER FAITH, *detest*, denounce, disown! }  
 Did signs and miracles convert the soul,  
 Then all who see or know them would be *whole*.\*  
 That, signs and miracles are not *design'd* to do, }  
 But man's *unbelief* and awful darkness show, }  
 And round *my earthly life*, due glory throw.  
 Who believes on me, believes too on his name,  
 From whom, inspired, the sacred scriptures came.  
 Man's moral infamy that book reveals—  
 True faith perceives it, and the soul then feels  
 Itself all sin—all hell—on me it cries—  
 I show my cross—to that the wretch now flies;  
 'There lays him down beneath sin's awful load—  
 'The *mountains*† melt and leave him in my blood.  
 When in my blood, sin ne'er can burn again,  
 Forever quench'd is the accursed flame.  
 He sees the Father, who has once seen me—  
 I was, I am, and ever am to be!

\* The awful sentiment, that saving faith is the mere belief of the *fact* that Christ is the Messiah, upon the testimony of twelve men and their miraculous doings—has, for its Father, in the Baptist society, the *Arian Robinson*—and Alex. Campbell has but revived from the writings of Robinson, the Arian delusion.

† Judges v. 5.

The brightness of the Father's glory I,  
 His person's image from Eternity?  
 Who sees me truly, ever see me *this*—  
 The vision's glory and the sense is bliss!  
 An all-devouring, great desire reigns  
 Within believers, while each soul exclaims,  
 "All hail, Immanuel! my heaven thou art in whole:"  
 Hail! NAMELESS object to my musing soul!  
 Who believes in me, in darkness don't abide;  
 I give him grace and will to glory guide.  
 Whoe'er rejects me, *continues in his sin*,  
 And *proves I knew him not or died for him!*  
 Those the Father gave me, in *Providence* I keep—  
 In *grace* my spirit shall each of them seek:  
 As prodigals shall they come to my arms,  
 There rest embalm'd in my ten thousand charms.  
 The word I have spoken that shall judge all men,  
 Those left in nature, and those born again.  
 That word does law and gospel too embrace—  
 The world *that* judges, but *this* the fold of grace.  
 That word has said, the *world* is dead in sin,  
 But those *in me*, are every whit made clean.  
 And when the day *ordained* shall arrive,  
 That word shall prove its truth—or as I *live*.  
 God has commanded what I've spoke on earth,  
 Has made that word the mean of spiritual birth;—  
 And so will make it to the end of time—  
 Man's all the grace, the glory, Lord, be thine!  
 Who knows as I, God's commandments *sure*,  
*Ordain'd* to give, and to eternal life secure;  
 Obedient to his great command will tell  
 Of *sov'reign grace* redeeming man from hell.  
 The word, the *counsel*, of the Lord he'll preach;  
 No other gospel know, receive, or teach.—  
 Or if the world abhor, defame, despise,  
 Wrap him in infamy, or pierce with lies,  
 He'll preach it still, in it will "toil along,  
 Weep tears of joy, and burst into a song!"

\* Here is another favorite passage of scripture that Andrew Fuller makes use of to support his darling proposition—i. e. that it is the *duty* of all men who have the scriptures to exercise faith, &c.—Now suppose that the above interpretation is correct, and how miserably ignorant he must have been of the import of the "*word*," in this place.



THE INSTRUCTIONS  
OF  
CHRIST TO HIS DISCIPLES,

HIS AGONY, BETRAYMENT, DEATH, AND RESURRECTION.

The *public* ministry of Christ now ends—  
*Designed a model* for all whom HE sends,  
 To labor in doctrine and to preach the word,  
 Or Zion prosper, or *exalt* the Lord!  
 And now Immanuel with his friends retire,  
 To form *their* minds—with zeal their breasts inspire.  
 He *loved*, he *sought*, and *found* them—and still loved,  
 As now example and his precept proved.  
 He supped with them the night he was betray'd,  
 And *after* that *himself* a servant made.  
 Their feet he washes, and he wipes them too,  
 And says to them, “Wist ye not what I do?  
 I give you example in humility,  
 For one another, do as thus you see.  
 The love I bear you makes all service sweet,  
 Or if I cleanse your souls or wash your feet.  
 So will it be with those who *have my mind*;  
 My saints they'll feed and serve where'er they find—  
 When they are in need, no office then too low,  
 For them 'neath sorrow's heaviest wave they'll bow.  
 Ye are clean as washed by my renewing grace,  
 And in my house ye shall have children's place.  
 Albeit not all.—I know that with you's one,  
 On whose dark soul that work was never done;  
 And tho' he's chosen to an apostle's place,  
 He ne'er was chosen to renewing grace.  
 His heart's against me—and soon too I'll feel  
 The treach'ry and violence of his base heel.  
 These words alarm you—and each anxious cry,  
 Lord, can it—may it—will it e'er be I?  
 To which I answer, he it is to whom  
 I give a sop—that seals his awful doom.”  
 Thus saying, Christ to Judas gave the bread!—  
 And now the Traitor is by Satan led.  
 Till this, the powers of darkness were restrain'd,  
 And Judas left in a *profession* feign'd.



Forth goes Iscariot to the Saviour's foes,  
 To them the Christ's retirement to disclose.  
 Hell moves his avarice—the ointment he had lost,  
 \*It must be made good, tho' Jesus' blood it cost!  
 Meanwhile the Saviour in exultance cried,  
 "Now is the Son of Man and God both glorified.—  
 God's glorified in me, the Son of Man,  
 In God Jehovah glorified I am!  
 Little children, while I'm yet with you,  
 A new commandment give I—that hear and do.  
 Love ye each other as you all I love,  
 And prove ye're children of your God above.  
 By this shall all men evidently see,  
 That ye are mine, and that ye follow me.  
 Your joys, your sorrows, your tumults and your fears,  
 Your conflicts, trials, groans, and flowing tears,  
 Are to you peculiar;—while on earth you stay,  
 Each other comfort, for each other pray.  
 I go my way, where yet you cannot come—  
 All, all will leave me to my fate alone!  
 As Jesus spake, fierce Simeon gave reply—  
 Lord I will follow thee, or I will die!  
 No danger, pain, or death, my soul shall shake;  
 All is but dung and dross for thy dear sake.  
 Wilt thou, said Jesus, lose thy life for me?  
 Alas! proud man, thy heart deceiveth thee.  
 The truth is this—tho' humbling you shall know—  
 Thrice thou'lt deny me ere the cock shall crow!  
 Thyself a lesson through all future time,  
 Who stand in *faith* are kept by *power of mine*.  
 Let not your hearts be troubled if I go—  
 Ye believe in God, believe in me also.  
 One God there is, one Mediator too—  
 I ever live to intercede for you.  
 In my Father's house many mansions are—  
 I go before you, and a place prepare:  
 And surely, if I prepare a place for you,  
 I'll come again, and bring you all thereto;  
 That where I am, there ye may be also.  
 Whate'er ye ask the Father in my name,  
 That will I do: for *that* I live and reign!  
 The Father must be glorified in me—

\* This shows the awful power of a ruling passion.

Thus God ordained from all eternity.  
 'Tis glory *in the highest!* that I save  
 From hell and *sin* all that to me he gave!  
 If you love me, my commandments keep--  
 Thus will ye prove ye are my ransom'd sheep:  
*They* follow me, no other voice they know;  
 After strange voices they will never go.  
 I have been your comfort in our toilsome path--  
 Another Comforter the Father hath,  
 That I will pray him on you to bestow,  
 And he shall guide you all life's journey through.  
 That Comforter's the Spirit of all Truth,  
 The staff of Israel's age---joy of his youth!  
 The *world* cannot this Comforter receive,  
 His office know, or his work of *grace* perceive.  
 But ye and all my saints are known to him;  
 He saves from sin and makes all pure *within*.  
 He dwells with you, and in you still shall be,  
 Till mortal's lost in immortality!  
 In life's rough pilgrimage and deep distress,  
 I will not leave you, children, comfortless.  
 A little while the world will no more see  
 The Son of Man---to them will Immanuel be  
 As one that was not---they will seek nor find,  
 Or of his person or his life still blind.  
 But when *they* see not me, the Invisible,  
 Ye still will see me;---also where I dwell,  
 Because I live, ye *all* shall live with me---  
 That life's co-equal with eternity!  
 At that great day in which you shall appear  
 In glory's regions, as my Father's heir;  
 Then ye shall know that I am in your God---  
 That I am your's and you are my abode!  
 He that hath my commandments and keeps them,  
 Will prove he loves me, and that *I work* in him.  
 The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, will prove  
 The earnest of peace and of my Father's love:  
 He shall teach you what th' *oracles* reveal,  
*Jehovah's grace*---and be thereof a seal;  
 All things I've said, to your remembrance bring,  
 Soothe all your sorrows---make your souls to sing.  
 O well spring up! Eternal Spirit rise  
 Within my breast! adorn me for the skies!  
 Peace I leave with you---'tis my special gift.---

If I be gone, that still with you is *left*,  
 And shall remain till I return to you,  
 And bring you to my heavenly glory too!  
 I now will give you various faint idea,  
 Of what relation to my church I bear.  
 I am the vine. The husbandman is God!—  
 The Spirit, agent:—instrument, the Word.  
 Each branch the Spirit grafts in me the vine,  
 Bears fruit, is purged and *lives* forever mine.  
 Each branch *men* bind, or bind *themselves* to me,  
 By *mere profession* or outward sanctity,  
 Shall be removed—their end is to be burn'd,  
 Tho' here they seemed with heavenly graces warm'd.  
 Abide ye in me *through* the means of grace,  
 For thus my Father will reveal his face;  
 And thus he'll *manifest* to every heart,  
 That to his glory ye are set apart.  
 Through those means your souls shall feel and see,  
 That I had chosen you ere you had chosen me:  
 That I have chosen and also do *ordain*  
 My people fruitful, and that fruit *remain!*  
 This answers to Jehovah's great *decree*,  
 That I my people from their sins should free.  
 'Tis further written in the Word of Grace,  
 That God in Christ has chosen Israel's race,  
 Ere man was formed, or angels sung above,  
 That they be *holy*, without blame in love.  
 Ye are GOD'S WORKMANSHIP—*it must be good*—  
 'Tis founded on my righteousness and blood!  
 I am the corner stone—on me shall rise  
 Jehovah's building tow'ring to the skies!  
 Each stone is lively—polished by my grace:—  
 In Zion above it has its *destined* place.  
 The Temple grows tho' opposed by hell and sin,  
 And soon I'll bring the blessed top-stone in;  
 While all in heaven's ineffable praise,  
 Shall shout, behold the work of *sov'reign* grace!  
 I am the *Head*,—my Church the body is—  
 The head existing, so the body lives.  
 All the members, by high heaven's decree,  
 Are framed a temple for their God in me.  
 I am the bridegroom—Zion is the bride—  
 Her name is graven in my hands, my side:  
 Or as a bridegroom o'er their brides rejoice,

So I will joy o'er Sion as *my choice*.  
 I am the husband—Israel is my wife—  
 Our union ends but with *the husband's* life.  
 Our marriage *is* that she may amply bear  
 Fruit to her God and of his glory share.  
 Such figures shadow forth my church and me,  
 Here on earth, or in eternity:  
 Then by this union once for all I say,  
 Love ye each other, and for each other pray.  
 'The world *will* hate you—me it hated too:  
 Suff'ring's my portion—sufferings wait for you.  
 If ye were of the world, its love you would share,  
 It loves its own—knows who and where they are.  
 As face in water answers to its face,  
 So human heart, *in nature or in grace*.  
*That* is dire darkness—enmity to God—  
 Earth is its heaven—there 'twould make abode.  
*This* in its powers is verging to the skies—  
 All but *Immanuel* is mere vanities!  
 'The world the contrast can't but feel and know,  
 And o'er your lives will all contumely throw;  
 Impugn your motives—feed upon your sin—  
 Suspect your reason, call your faith a whim!  
 When in your lives due evidence you give,  
 That I have chosen you in me to *live*,  
 It is *then* the world will hate you and despise,  
 And to you act, or of you speak in lies.  
 'Tis thus the world will shew itself to be,  
 Zion's fierce foe, and enemy to me.  
 Whoe'er lives godly shall this portion have;  
 This God to Israel did by promise give.  
 Remember always, what before I've said,  
 They'll wound the members if they wound the head.  
 The servant is not greater than his Lord—  
 As they've kept mine, they'll also keep your word.  
 If maniac, liar, Beelzebub, and more,  
 They've made my name, and con it o'er and o'er,  
 If of my doctrine they incessant cry  
 'Tis hard—'tis guileful—delusion, and a lie—  
 'Thus God ordains my truth to testify!  
 Whate'er my gospel *is*—to natural men  
 'Tis foolishness—a tale—or less to them.  
 They never have, nor e'er can understand  
 'The Evangelists' pen, or harp of Israel's land.



Whate'er my *Gospel* is, that the world hates,  
 Or all of me, or of itself relates.  
 When that world cries—these men or these words be  
 The power of God—they are *neither* sent from me!  
 When that world rails, and says the doctrine's lies,  
 Or when it offers all indignities  
 To him who preaches; then the argument  
 Is, *God's the author*, and *He the message sent!*  
 Fierce and more furious they raise their passions high,  
 Till thousands of them impiously deny,  
 That I or my Spirit ever used the word,  
*Chosen, elect, or righteous in the Lord.*  
 But when, by grace, you fearlessly declare,  
 That you are *CHOSEN* to be Christ's co-heir;  
 The world will cry,—Election! that from Satan came.  
 Their wrath will burn, you'll have the basest name.  
 The world's the same in every age to come;  
 Their souls, (as bodies), *essentially* are one!  
 As tigers, have been tigers, and will be;  
 As serpents have been and will be *in subtlety*.  
 This persecution, then, you must endure,  
 As those to follow, and those who have gone before.  
 Though thus my life and precept testifies,  
 Ten thousand *teachers* shall hereafter rise,  
 \* Whose *wisdom* shall presume the doctrine lies. }  
 They'll learn to think that they can so impart  
 The Gospel's doctrine, that the human heart,  
 Shall see, shall own, shall love, and bless their name,  
 As stars of science, Israel's shining flame.  
 Myself, and prophets—and my apostles too,  
 Compared with them, will seem a drop of dew  
 To the vast ocean—they will vaunting cry,  
 Behold the fruits of our bright charity!  
 In *love* we move:—the world our powers own---  
 Jew, Gentile, Turk and Pagan, all are one!  
 With every Christian sect,—we please them all!  
 Before us mountains rise, retire or fall!  
 So men will dream delusion of themselves;  
 The varied victims of Satanic spells.  
 But all those things the world has done to me,  
 So will it treat my *GRACE's* ministry.

\* This *day* exemplifies the case—hence the doctrine of *expedi-  
 ency*—the proposition to have open communion, and to fling  
 away *Credo's* or *Confessions of Faith!*

Man knows *that* not, no more than God he knows;  
 Light he calls darkness; darkness still he'll choose.  
 Had I not come, my enemies had not felt  
 \*Their conscience stinging with their recent guilt:  
 Their mantle of forms,—of Pharisaic pride,  
 I've lifted up, and shew'd their hearts all dyed  
 In crimson crime. They rage, and furious cry,  
 "He has a devil—let the monster die!"

While they are tormented thus before their time  
 Of final judgment,—ye and all ordain'd as mine,  
 Shall have the Comforter sent from above,  
 Who thro' your souls shall shed my Father's love  
 The Spirit of *truth* within you all shall dwell,  
 And keep you from heresies of earth and hell.  
 These things I've spoken that you may prepare  
 For sore affliction and my cross to bear.  
 The time is coming that the monsters will  
 Some of you curse, and others of you kill,  
 In God's own name—and claim reward of him,  
 For filling the measure of their nation's sin.  
 And thus 'twill be with *all* the human race;—  
 God's name they'll use to *murder truth and GRACE!*  
 Countless the multitude who will proclaim  
 Themselves believers in Immanuel's name:  
 Their temples, synagogues and domes shall rise  
 †O'er gorgeous columns, tow'ring to the skies  
 Their dagon shall stand beside the ark of truth;  
 That robed in gold,—*this* prostrate in sackcloth.  
 Evincing still the human heart to be

\* Here Fuller, and other disguised and open Arminians, conceive that Christ means to say, that if the Jews had not have had an opportunity to *reject the gospel*, they would not have had sin!—So these miserable men pervert the scripture, and virtually deny original sin!

† This is not so much amiss when they are honestly paid for—But when widows and orphans, mechanics and credulous *brethren*, are cheated to the amount of 40,000 dollars, to gratify the vanity of one church and their minister, with a splendid meeting house, or when in building a college to gratify the vanity of a few fantastic pretenders to science, the community are cheated to the amount of 120 or 130 thousand dollars, we humbly conceive that it is not the Lord's work, though those creatures may have a host of retainers and dependents to proclaim to the contrary. If the Baptist society think they are interested in this reflection, they are referred to the "Columbian Star" for the necessary explanation.

Not only error, but truth's enemy.

While those whose zeal shall prompt them to repel  
The foul aggression of this tribe of hell,  
Whose souls exclaim—with bitterest anguish torn,  
O sirs, for Christ's sake—spare that glorious form,  
The ark of Truth!—degraded now it lies,  
Cloth'd with your calumny and sophistries.  
Why not content *your* Dagon to adore?  
Thou lying spirit—art crying still for more!  
Wist ye not what we say?—heaven hear our vow—  
We'll rescue *that* or with it lie as low.  
'Gainst these my servants they shall raise a *yell*,  
Whose voice is Satan's, and whose centre's hell!  
No device, means, or subtle art will they  
E'er leave untried, to make these men their prey.  
Their lives, their minds, their morals they'll decry,  
And *laud each other* to the vaulted sky.\*  
Their noisy hubbub and their mighty shout,  
O'er those among them, and 'gainst those without,  
Shall lead the world, (as led since first it fell,)  
By sound *confounding*, to the groan of hell.  
When my great Spirit shall descend to earth,  
To give the souls of my elect their birth;  
Of sin, of righteousness, and judgment too,  
He shall convince, and give a vision new.  
In that vision they shall see their sin,  
And righteous the condemnation *man* is in—  
They'll see the judgment that awaits their race,  
And feel they're sav'd by God's free *sov'reign grace*.  
Many things I have yet to say to you;  
But ye my friends cannot bear them now.  
More knowledge of yourselves, and more of *man*,  
Or of my providence, or grace's plan,  
Is necessary, ere your souls can feel  
The glory of doctrine, I shall yet reveal.  
Again I say, my Spirit shall descend,

\* Reference to Jared Sparks' "Unitarian Miscellany," Alexander Campbell's "Christian Baptist," the "Latter Day Luminary, and Columbian Star," will furnish out an illustration of this case.—Should any thing more be wanted of explanation, let any old fashioned, evangelical, Regular Baptist minister go to Washington City, and visit the wonder-working, *scientific* Baptists there! The explanation will then soon be made complete, unless through some impulse of policy *they* should act covertly towards him.



And on your souls efficiently attend;  
 In truth to guide you and your minds illume  
 In what is *written*, and in things to come.  
 Me he shall glorify in your bless'd sight,  
 As Israel's glory, and the Gentiles' light!  
 All things the Father hath, belong to me—  
 In this, all scripture has and will agree.  
 I am before all things—by me all things consist,  
 'The fulness of the God-head and of faith's in *this*.  
 Ye are a deep unfathomable, of sin—  
 I am a *deep* of grace, to make you clean.  
 Ye are a deep of fearful emptiness—  
 I am a deep of perfect righteousness!  
 Deep answers unto deep—as you will feel,  
 When my grace and glory th' Spirit shall reveal;  
 Till your wrapt spirit shall incessant cry,  
 "Lord Jesus come! for thee I faint—I die!"  
 Such feelings will evince that me ye know,  
 And in that knowledge and that grace ye grow!  
 'The world rejoices, but ye *now* shall weep;  
 You shall lament, while that its festals keep.  
 So strange it is---the man of God in dust---  
 'The child of hell exalted in his lust---  
 'The holy nation weeping tears of blood,  
 'The world rejoicing, tho' reprobate to good.  
 Your sorrow endureth only for a night---  
 'The morning comes of radiant, unborn light!  
 Then shall ye know that those of heavenly birth,  
 Sink, sigh, groan, weep, and bleed while here on earth:  
 'To triumph in their scars while Gods\* endure,  
 And angels live to worship and adore.  
 A woman when in travailing pang's and throes,  
 'Thinks only of her peril or her woes:  
 But when of her tender burthen she is freed,  
 Her sorrow's forgotten, and her joys succeed.  
 So is it with my people here below,  
 'They travail in spirit, pierced with heaviest wo;  
 'They agonizing call on Jesus' name,  
 While every throe is threat'ning their frail frame  
 With dissolution---yet when all is o'er,  
 'They shall rejoice, and me the Lord adore!  
 Or more triumphant own I've sav'd from hell,

\* Berashith Bera Aleim—i. e. in the beginning *Gods* created, &c.



'Than that for them I have done all things well,  
 'Ten thousand saints in glory shout my name,  
 And thus the wonders of my acts proclaim.  
 Great, marvellous are all thy works, they cry,  
 Lord God Almighty! Glory of the sky!  
 Just and true are each and all thy ways,  
 Thou King of Saints!---Ye heavens proclaim his praise!  
 These things are proverbs till the soul begins,  
 In a new life, to struggle with her sins.  
 'This wisdom's dawn is when that work is done---  
 It's perfect, when man's glory is begun.  
 I not only love, but will pray for you---  
 'The Father loveth and *has* loved you too.  
 'The evidence he loves you he has given,---  
 A heart to love me as I'm lov'd in heaven!  
*That* love, *that* faith, both coming from above!  
 Are given to all IN God's eternal love---  
 No others have them---who have them ne'er shall die:  
 'They're God's in time, and through eternity.  
 'These things I have spoken that you may have peace---  
 'They are the doctrine of my sov'reign grace:  
 All hell may slander them and men deride,  
 Sway'd by their lust or fill'd with legal pride.  
 No peace to them will these bless'd truths afford---  
 They'll abhor my *doctrine*, and yet call me Lord!  
 But to my people this shall music prove---  
*Their ears* are circumcised---their hearts are love.  
 Our meeting terminates---the hour has come,  
 When ye will flee and leave me all alone.  
 Yet I still love you---I'll ne'er your souls forsake,  
 And this monition, as my last, now take:---  
 'Through tribulation, tumults, and great fear,  
 Ye all will pass, while you shall sojourn here---  
 In this dire world---such promise I have given  
 'To all who're destin'd to be heirs of heaven!  
 And now the Saviour lifts his eyes above---  
 Commends his followers to his Father's love.  
 What feelings breathe in that matchless prayer!  
 O, Zion, for thee what consolation's *there!*  
 Father, says Jesus, the eventful hour is come!---  
 I'll glorify thee---glorify thy Son!  
 Over all flesh thou dost his power extend;  
 Grace in the object, glory in the end.

The *object*, that eternal life he give  
 To all thou hast given and ordained to live,  
 In me their *life*, and thro' me grace receive. }  
 And this is life eternal, that they know  
 Thee, the true God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 And Jesus Christ, whom thou all sov'reign gave  
 To the law a curse---a pris'ner to the grave.  
 I have glorified thee thro' my life on earth;  
 I have set thy holiness and precept forth;  
 The law I've honored and have magnified,  
 Nor from its curse will shrink or step aside.  
 Thy name I've magnified to those of *man*  
 Whom thou gave to me ere the world began.  
 For them, (not for the world!) I faithful pray---  
 For them I suffer, and for them obey.  
 Father, no more with them may I remain---  
 I came from thee, and to thee come again!  
 But these thou gav'st me, still on earth abide---  
 Father, preserve them, and their footsteps guide!  
 Holy Father! keep them thro' thine own great power,  
 Those whom thou gave'st me *to reward this hour!*  
 Let them be one, O God! as we are one! }  
 Thy Son in thee,---they mersed into thy Son;  
 Our union lasting as thy awful throne!  
 Father, whate'er of wo awaits my soul,  
 Tho' wrath and vengeance o'er my spirit roll,  
 Let them rejoice---my joy do thou fulfil,  
 In saving those thou gav'st me---thus *I will*.  
 Keep them, O Father, from the evil here---  
 That *thine own workmanship* they may appear,  
 In me exalted unto righteousness---  
*Witnesses for reigning and triumphant grace!*  
 Sanctify them, O Father, through thy truth,  
 From the womb of th' morning, and the dews of youth!  
 Thy word is truth---no other instrument  
 Hast thou ordained to make man penitent:  
 Thy word is truth---no other sourse can prove  
 The means of blessing to the souls I love.  
 The world, O Father! hates thy sacred word,  
 And all the vision that it can afford.  
 The truth is what must bless the chosen race,  
 The doctrine I have preached, of *sov'reign grace*.  
 Father! give them pastors after thine own heart,

Who shall know *the truth*, and that truth impart;  
 That my sheep still may through them hear my voice,  
 Avoid false doctrine, and in truth rejoice.  
 For their dear sakes, myself I sanctify,  
 Am set apart to suffer and to die.  
 The object is, that they one and all may be,  
 In time appointed, *set apart* to thee,  
 As chosen vessels---monuments of grace---  
 A holy nation---a peculiar race!  
 The TRUTH of MY GOSPEL thou hast ordain'd to be,  
 The blessed *means*, from all eternity.  
 Neither pray I alone for those who now believe,  
 But for all who shall like precious faith receive,  
 Throughout all ages, yet in time to come---  
 That they may likewise *thus* with us be one.  
 So that at last when all things here shall end,  
 And my saints' glory all their thoughts transcend, }  
 E'en the world itself shall own thou didst me send! }  
 Father, I *will*, that those who're to me given,  
 Behold my glory, and be heirs of heaven!  
 Thus shall their union with thyself and me,  
 Prove thou lov'dst them as thou hast loved me.  
 Thy doctrine I've declared in thy name,  
 And by my Spirit will declare the same:  
 That they may all the rich bestowment feel  
 Of thy *eternal love*, which I reveal:  
 The revelation and the sense of this,  
 Shall be their *earnest* of immortal bliss.  
 O righteous Father! for all this I crave,  
 By thine own word and faithfulness to save.  
 In their salvation I am glorified,  
 Or they not saved and in vain I've died.  
 To me thou gave them, when thou saidst of yore,  
 Because to death thou dost thy spirit pour,  
 I will surely give thee a portion with the great,  
 Prolong thy days in endless regal state;  
 The spoil thou *shalt* divide most amply with the strong,  
 And be the burthen of eternal song!  
 Thou *shalt* see thy seed---the pleasure of the Lord  
*Shall* prosper in thy hand and by thy word.  
 Thus thou hast promised---Father be it done,  
 Thy justice *here* will glorify thy Son.  
 The *work* I do---the *reward* is thine to give;  
 For Israel I suffer---Israel then *must* live!



Thus spake the Saviour to the world and those  
 The Father gave him and Jehovah chose.  
 Such doctrine still is the great gospel's truth,  
 Sion's song in heaven, her cordial while on earth.\*  
 In vain the worldling and the carnal wise  
 Attempt to cloak it with their base sophistries.  
 In vain they're brib'd, by title and by pelf,  
 Dubb'd doctors, rabbies, masters, wisdom's self;†  
 In vain who own it are despised, accursed,  
 Its glory o'er the elect of God still bursts;  
 One faith, one Lord, one baptism still is theirs;  
 By GRACE they're saved---by GRACE are glory's heirs.  
 The Saviour now the awful garden sought,  
 Not there to teach, but knowledge to be taught:  
 Salvation's captain must be perfect made,  
 Through sufferings of unutterable grade.  
 At Olive's base the prostrate Jesus lies,  
 In supplications, groans, and awful cries.  
 What thy pangs were, O Jesus! none can know,  
 But those who to the flames of Tophet go.  
 Whence, Christ! thy pangs, thy cries, thy sweat and  
 blood?

What scene might shudder an incarnate God!  
 'Twas the *prospective* that began thy woes,  
 And heav'd thy spirit in convulsive throes.  
 Sinai's dire form advanced upon *his* view,  
 And round him its tempest and its darkness threw;  
 While from its mouth terrific thunders roar,  
 And flames consuming burst from every pore.  
 From this dread mountain forth a spirit came,  
 With voice appalling, cloth'd in living flame;  
 In adamantine grasp the Saviour took,  
 And thus in fury to his victim spoke.

\* This is the Gospel Christ commanded to be preached, and promised to be with! He is not with any other, however the pulpit or the press may cry, "Lo! here, or lo! there."

† There is no truth under the heavens—no fact on record—no reality in nature, if this is not *now* one of the Devil's master strokes to corrupt the Gospel: hence, even in the Baptist society, what shoals of mere literary feathers are driving to and fro with every wind of doctrine, *as* ministers of the Gospel. One scrap of grammatical criticism from the "Diversions of Purley," will upset their confidence, (and well it may,) in *their* system of theology. These insects verify the old saying,—“The greater the grammarian, the worse the divine!”



Pay what thou owest---give me eye for eye:  
 Thy soul for soul, thy flesh for flesh *must* die\*  
 No common death, no vulgar woes await,  
 Behold, prospective, thy unyielding fate.  
 That mountain's weight must fall upon thy soul,  
 Its burning lava o'er thee furious roll:  
 Behold its jaws extending to receive!  
 Hark! how it thunders---the victim *justice* give!  
 "Thou art the man"---I've sought thee and have  
     found,

I've seiz'd thee, and thy feet and hands have bound.  
 Thy funeral pile is ready, thou must now  
 Ascend this mountain to its yawning brow;  
 And in its flaming bowels thyself throw;  
 Its fires extinguish with thy boiling blood,  
 And make the promise of Jehovah good.  
 Such wo prospective fill'd with dire dismay  
 The Saviour's soul, while agoniz'd he lay,  
 On earth's cold bosom, sweating at each pore,  
 Marr'd in his visage, cover'd with his gore.  
 O Gethsemane! thou awful, glorious place,  
 Type of the garden of Immanuel's grace;  
 That garden shaded by Jehovah's wing,  
 To which the heavens in rapturous anthems sing.  
 A vineyard of red wine!---the Lord will keep  
 Whose love ne'er changes, and whose eyes ne'er sleep;  
 Lest any hurt it, he will day and night  
 Water it with *his* own blood---be himself its light;  
 For its salvation heaven and earth employ;  
*Himself*, at last, sing over it with joy.  
 Now Christ returns to where his followers lay  
 In sleep, unconscious of his own dismay.  
 To whom he said---arise, and watch and pray.  
 Temptations fierce and terrible shall fall,  
 On your souls also, and the souls of all  
 That follow me---be ye then doubly wise,  
 With God to wrestle---for heaven to agonize;  
 That no temptations lead your souls astray,  
 From holiness to God, and me the way.  
 Jehovah's Angel only can sustain,

\* The dignity of Christ's person gave infinite value to the atonement of Christ, say the Fullerites, to make out their general atonement scheme. Now the truth is, it was the *measure* of his sufferings that gave infinite value to it!

Through life's dread pilgrimage of toil and pain.  
 O for that angel ever, ever cry,  
 Who only can your souls' vast wants supply,  
 And make your lives Jehovah glorify. }  
 While Jesus spake, Iscariot, vile, returns,  
 With rulers, captains, soldiers and their arms.  
 The traitor advanced to where the Saviour stood:  
 Cried—hail ! Jesus, master, the holy and the good !  
 Around Christ's neck his viper arms he threw,  
 Bestow'd *the kiss*, and sullenly withdrew.  
 And now advanc'd the infuriate lawless band,  
 Rage in their eye, and murder in their hand;  
 To whom the Saviour—mortals, whom seek ye?  
 Jesus, they answer'd—Jesus said—I'm he !  
 When thus he spake, deep horror o'er them spread,  
 Backward they stagger'd, and fell there as dead.  
 Again Christ spake---wretched mortals, whom seek ye?  
 Rising, they said, Jesus---Jesus said, I'm he!  
 (Strong emblem this of our Immanuel's voice,  
 When utter'd to the people of his choice:  
*First*—awful thunder—then in music rolls,  
 It kills and makes alive their wond'ring souls!)  
 And now they seize their unresisting prey,  
 Bind him with cords and hurry him away  
 To Annas, Caiaphas, and the judgment-hall,  
 To endure the insult and the rage of all.  
 Pilate, the judge, inquires the pris'ner's crime,  
 If civil, religious, at what place or time?  
 His foes but answer, with demoniac roar,  
 He's a malefactor, *judge*, what want you more!  
 As then, so now, a name is oft bestow'd  
 To screen the lawless and condemn the good.  
 Most frequent does the wanton case apply,  
 To heralds of the cross, who fearless cry,  
 " Salvation's of the Lord"—to them is given,  
 Each name offensive to the world and heaven,  
 As---fatalist---the antinomian—friend of sin:  
 WORLD! judge them thus---thus bring your verdict in,  
 No life of innocence, no life of prayer,  
 No warm devotions *will* the sland'ers spare:  
 The world, they know, still sov'reign grace decries,  
 And Pharisees Christ's righteousness despise.  
 Pilate his pris'ner's life and doctrine learns,  
 His judgment's settled and his pity warms,

I find, said he, to Christ's inveterate foes,  
 No harm in Jesus, or even yet in those  
 Who follow him: my voice is to release  
 Your captive meek, and let him go in peace.  
 Then cried the Jews—if Jesus thou set free,  
 No friend to Cæsar, Pilate, canst thou be;  
 More accusation would thou have us bring?  
 Then know—this Jesus makes himself a King!  
 Who makes himself a King, must surely be  
 A civil culprit—Cæsar's enemy!  
 When Pilate heard, he to the hall return'd,  
 And of the charge the lowly Christ inform'd.  
 'To whom the Saviour—whate'er my foes may say,  
 For no earthly kingdom do I toil and pray;  
 If that were so, 'twould be obtain'd by might,  
 For that my servants and myself would fight.  
 So rose the kingdoms that do now exist,  
 By such means founded and by such are fixt.  
 Thou art a King then, Pilate now replies,  
 The *assertion* and thy *state* produce surprise,  
 For this, said Jesus, I was to be born,  
 For this have come in feeble mortal's form:  
 'The kingdom's form'd of Jew and Gentile both,  
 Founded in righteousness, and grace, and *truth*!  
 What is truth? the heathen judge inquires:  
 He asks the question, *then from Christ retires*.  
 What is truth? vain mortals still will cry,  
 Or who will teach us what is truth or lie?  
 The question ask'd—men from the truth recede,  
 Nor *dare* the Scriptures or *their hearts* to read!  
 What is truth, regen'rate souls will cry,  
 To Jesus and his word as suppliants fly,  
 And there in wisdom and in safety lie,  
 Till God, who teaches, make them wise to see  
 Their moral ruin and his remedy.  
 Pilate once more from the hall withdrew,  
 Where eager met him the blood-thirsty crew;  
 To whom he said—again I testify,  
 I find no fault in *him* that he should die.  
 You have a custom that at your great feasts,  
 From death I should some criminal release:  
 Will ye, therefore, that Jesus be the one,  
 And thus atone for what you say he has done?  
 Then cried they all—no—Jesus do not spare,

Save Barabbas—the robber we prefer!  
 So cries the world, and e'en professors too,  
 Or *Gentile* worshipper, or that of the Jew—  
 The Deist, Arian, and Arminian—all,  
 Are robbers too, for whom *professors* call!  
 They rob Jehovah of *his sov'reign* will,  
 And all the glory that his truths reveal;  
 They rob the Church, Jehovah's heritage,  
 Of food and raiment—bulwark, wall, and hedge.  
 The difference is, the robbers now must be  
 Professors—learn'd—of some gentility.  
 But still the same and general is the cry  
 Give us the robber, let King Jesus die!  
 We never have or ever will we own,  
 We're saved by Jesus' SOV'REIGN GRACE alone!  
 We want not, will not have a King *like* him,  
 The thought's abhorrent and the doctrine's sin:  
 The pliant Pilate, politically urged,  
 Consents to have the Saviour basely scourged:  
 That done, the Jews and soldiery agree,  
 To robe Immanuel in mock royalty.  
 A crown of thorns is placed upon his head,  
 A purple robe is o'er his body spread:  
 A reed is placed within his harmless hand,  
 (Mock ensign of imperial command,)  
 While thus the rabble the passive Lamb abuse,  
 Contemptuous they cry—hail! monarch of the Jews!  
 His eyes they blindfold and then sportive cry,  
 (While rudely smiting) prophet prophesy  
 Who smote thee on *this*, and who upon *that* cheek;  
 Come, answer us! thou model of the meek:  
 Give proof thou art a prophet, *as a King*,  
 And to our view what's future do thou bring.  
 So mortals still in wantonness will gibe  
 The Christ—his presence and his power deride.  
 They ask—why are not miracles still perform'd,  
 And thus the doctrine of the cross confirm'd?  
 Were we to see the wonders that were done,  
 (Per gospel statement,) by St. Mary's Son,  
 We would believe him to be the Messiah,  
 The *child*, the God, or any being higher!  
 No miracle, they say, that we've not seen,  
 Can be to us a proof of any thing.  
 If thus repeated, canst thou not see, O fool!



'I would be but common law in nature's school.  
 Others declare—that miracles, when done,  
 And well attested as each scripture one,  
 Are good as if seen our credence to engage,  
 And truly miracles to every age:  
 That God *designed* them to be *rational* proof  
 For *saving credence* in the word of truth.  
 Thus mad together they exceeding err,  
 Know not what they say or whereof aver;  
 'Till both at last, beneath Satanic spell,  
 Have their eyes open'd in the flames of hell.  
 Albeit e'en *then* the former still may cry,  
 (As Dives when in hell he lifted up his eye,) }  
*We* speak the truth and Abraham's is the lie;  
 No!—miracles were ne'er design'd to give,  
 That *faith* by which the elect of God all live!  
 That is the product of the Spirit's power!  
 Who have it own the God-head of the doer!  
 As preaching, so miracles, may or may not be,  
 The *means* of faith—as may be God's decree.  
 And now they bring the lowly Jesus forth,  
 'To Jews and Gentiles he's made food for mirth.  
 Genius of Arminianism! here you see  
 Thyself in true, though faint, epitome!  
 Thou Christ exaltest to be Zion's King,  
 Call him the *Saviour*—profess to worship him:  
 Give him a throne in heaven as the head,  
 Of every throne, and judge of quick and dead.  
 Robe him in royalty, a sceptre give,  
 And cry—hail! Jesus—mighty monarch live!  
 Thou call'st all heaven, and earth, and hell, to view,  
 The matchless honours which to Christ you do:  
 And yet thou sayest—THE KING MAY REIGN ALONE!  
 HAS LOST HIS SUBJECTS AND MAY LOSE EACH ONE!  
 The King—the crown, the robe and sceptre be  
 IN HEAVEN ITSELF but solemn mockery!!  
 If *thou* possess a true and heavenly sight,  
 Then Herod and his soldiers acted right;  
 And of salvation's *end* but gave a *type*!  
 Thy doctrine is (from every caveat free)  
 Subjects for Christ's kingdom *may* or *may not* be!  
 And dost thou think, thou soul delusive sprite,  
 That Christ is like *thee* or as some bedlamite;  
 Who in his frenzy, and with maniac glee,

Dubs himself King and struts right royally!  
 Back, back, retire to thy *dark* abode,  
 For when you worship you blaspheme your God!  
 Once more for Christ did Pilate intercede  
 In vain—the victim now submissively must bleed:  
 The hour ordain'd of God for him to die  
 Was come—the multitude now furious cry,  
 Away with him—the blasphemers crucify. }  
 What! saith Pilate, crucify your King?  
 Again they cry, away, away with him;  
 We have no King but Cæsar, him we'll serve;  
 His kingdom strengthen and his laws preserve.  
 Thus Jews of old, in enmity to Christ,  
 Would own a heathen for prophet, king, or priest;  
 Profess to love, esteem, or be content,  
 With *Cæsar's* worship, or his government.  
 Genius of Arminianism!—again you see  
 Thyself in bold relief of subtlety.  
 The world, you own, in sin and darkness lies,  
 Gulph'd in delusion, toss'd in vanities,  
 In heart dire enmity to Israel's God,  
 Perverting truth to lies of endless brood.  
 Such you declare, (at least when politic you find,)  
 To be the character of all mankind !  
 Yet for *your gospel's* warrant, and defence,  
 You summon *that world's* feelings and its *sense*,  
 Flatter its head and heart and reasoning powers,  
 And *boast---these* allies *prove* that truth is ours.  
 Again—whene'er a *certain* gospel's named,  
 In which free grace's doctrine is proclaim'd,  
 How dost thou then salute the world, *thy* friend,  
 Its feelings and its reas'ning powers commend;  
 Dilate with passion and indignant cry,  
 “Salvation of the Lord!”—'tis all a lie!  
 The doctrine will not stand e'en *reason's* glance,  
*That reason* says—“God gives all men a chance.”  
 God has done *his* part, *we* must now do ours.  
 So testifies *the world's* great *reas'ning* powers.  
 Thus dost thou, spirit of delusion, still  
 Flatter, like the serpent—and like him to kill!  
 The pride-swollen world applauds your zeal and sense,  
 Though all just standard prove you *ignorance*.  
 So Herod and Pilate too were once made friends,  
 Their friendship in violence on Jesus ends.

Arminians, now the world's false frendship woo,  
 Its end is violence on Jesus too!  
 How, violence on Jesus! some will cry—  
*They slander his saints and call his truth a lie!*  
 Whoe'er 's an enemy to *them* or *this*,  
 Christ has proclaim'd, are enemies of *his*!  
 Nor may we forget, thou *Genius*, here to tell,  
 The *friendship* of the world 's the road to hell!  
 How comes it, then, the world and you agree?  
 You say, "do and live"—and so, it says, "do we!"  
 The principle 's the same, the difference lays  
 In this—you *claim* but half, they all the praise.  
 How comes it, then, (*if heart to heart agree*,  
 As face answers face upon the glassy sea!)  
 That that world's heart and head, and all its powers,  
 (Your mantle off,) agree exact with yours?  
 It proves the world 's in grace as well as you,  
 Or if in *darkness*. you're in darkness too!.\*  
 And now the cross on Christ the soldiers lay,  
 And without the camp they hurry him away  
 To Gabbatha, on summit of a hill,  
 The measure of *sin and suffering* there to fill.  
 As a lamb to the slaughter, Christ is led,  
 Or as a sheep is dumb, he bow'd his head.  
 In frantic mirth and fierce, revengeful blood,  
 They stretch their victim on the fatal wood;  
 Through feet and hands they drive the rugged nails,  
 While life's soft chord in agonizing quails:  
 Then raise the cross and surge it in the ground,  
 And make the earth with demon shouts resound.  
 Expiring with him, (one on either side,)  
 Two malefactors were—e'en these deride  
 The suffering Jesus—tauntingly they cry,  
 Thou boasted Saviour! wherefore dost *thou* die?  
 Canst thou save others! make that power known,  
 Save us from death, and from thy cross come down!

\* To say the best of this detestable system, it makes a'l its abet-  
 tors and teachers continually lie for God—continually makes the  
 scriptures contradict themselves. So that we may as *rationally*  
 look for truth and sincerity among its professors, as for nutriment  
 in a serpent's fang—or expect to meet with Leviathan in a mud-  
 puddle, as an *able*, evangelical minister among them! They are,  
 for the most part, if not altogether, children of nature,—at best  
 whitened sepulchres, not the less offensive, because more deceit-  
 ful than the world generally.

The multitude these tauntings now prolong,  
 As they *recede* or to the cross they throng.  
 Hark! what sound was that? it came from heaven's abode.  
 Was it the curse and terrors of a God?  
 That piercing light! was it consuming fire,  
 The flame of justice, God's avenging ire?  
 Where did it reach? what rebel did it strike?  
 Or sink to tophet, or translate to light?  
 Blaspheming robber, testify—thou can:  
 Thou art the object, thou the favour'd man.  
 That sound was mercy's penetrating voice,  
 To thy dead soul—Jehovah's *sov'reign choice*!  
 That light, the day-spring sent thee from on high }  
 To shew that path unknown to vulture's eye, }  
 Consume thy sins, and raise thee to the sky.  
 O glorious scene! O nobly awful proof!  
 And illustration of that blessed truth,  
 "Esau I've hated—Israel still I love."  
*That sinks to hell---this* reigns with me above!  
 In burning pangs the Saviour cries—I thirst!  
 Then rush his foes, each eager to be first,  
 To give him drink—'twas vinegar and gall!  
 Our nature's *moralè*, since our nature's fall!  
 Jesus receiv'd it from the insulting host,  
 He bow'd his head, and giving up the ghost,  
 He cried—" 'TIS FINISH'D"! creation's groan replied,  
 'TIS FINISH'D—the incarnate God has died!  
 'Tis finish'd—ye heavens, and thou profoundest hell,  
 The import of those words ye ne'er can tell;  
 'Tis thine, O Zion, *only*, to express,  
 The grace, the glory, and the righteousness,  
 Of those vast words—eternal ages roll,  
 That thou may'st learn and *manifest* the whole.  
 On summit of the everlasting hills  
 (Where peace and glory all thy border fills)  
 Thou sit'st enthroned in joys immensely high,  
 While day and night incessantly you cry;  
 'TIS FINISH'D—the *counsel* is fulfill'd!  
 The counsel of peace, to Israel long reveal'd.  
 Now we behold with what vast import fraught,  
 Was all in *providence*, and by prophets taught  
 To Jacob's tribes—in Abraham they were chose,  
 A peculiar nation, and a *TYPE* of *those*,  
*Elect* in Christ before the world began,  
 And shadow forth salvation's *sov'reign plan*.



In Abraham chosen, they heard Jehovah's call,  
 Hearing, obey'd—forsook the world, and all  
 Their former life: become Jehovah's charge,  
 Who multiplies them and their tents enlarge.  
 Egypt ALLURES them to her fruitful soil,  
 Transforms them slaves, and makes them *groan* with  
 toil:

Jehovah's ear is open to their cry,  
 He measures their tears, and listens to each sigh,  
 Till in due time, and BY Almighty hand,  
 They're brought from Egypt to the *promised* land.  
 All this but shadows the redemption given  
 By Jesus' death, to *destined* heirs of heaven.  
 They too by eye omniscient are ceaseless sought,  
 And by God's power from sin's foul bondage brought.  
 The paschal lamb—the moving pillar too,  
 (As fire and cloud) that led the Hebrews through  
 Their fitful journey—were but types of *Him*  
 Who *atones* and leads his people *from* their sin.  
 The bread from heaven—the gushing streams that  
 flow'd

From Horeb's rock, (by miracle bestowed,)  
 As *all* the *forms* and *rites* to Israël given,  
 Or led by promise, or by judgment driven:  
 All, all, prefigure, and as types set forth,  
 Immanuel's glories and his matchless worth,  
 And *how* he saves his church from south to north. }  
 TYPES ARE FINISH'D—his providence he hides,  
 But still he *gathers* and securely guides.  
 'TIS FINISH'D—all that holy men of old,  
 Mov'd by the Spirit, of the Christ *foretold*.  
 The woman's seed has bruised the serpent's head,  
 The Shiloh has come, obey'd, endured and bled.  
 The prophet, like to Moses, has appeared,  
 The world despised him and his saints revered.  
 The *Holy One* of God—the undefiled,  
 The *Gentiles scoff* and Judea *has* reviled.  
 The *ransom*'s given—shout, O earth o'er it!  
 Deliverance now is found from hell's dire pit.  
 The *Desire* of all nations now to man has come, }  
 True *peace* and *happiness* are in him alone,  
 For which all nations seek and sigh and groan.  
 The Righteous branch, the plant of great renown,  
 In fruitfulness and healing virtue's come;

Jehovah's corner-stone, the tried and elect,  
 As the foundation, in God's Zion's set.  
 The light of Gentiles, glory of Israel's race,  
 Has come in fulness of his truth and grace.  
 The *Holy One* of God, as leaven, appears,  
 To purge from sin each of his glory's heirs.  
 THE MESSENGER of the covenant has come:  
 A refiner's fire is that heavenly One!  
 The Ransom, Surety—all in all is given,  
 Of prophecies and promises of heaven!  
 'TIS FINISH'D—God's holy law is magnified,  
 By his obedience it is satisfied.  
 Thus saith that law—a foolish thought is *sin!*  
 One foolish thought was never found *in him*.  
 That law each moment claims for God the *heart!*  
 One moment Christ from this did ne'er depart.  
 That law demands that man his neighbor love,  
 As his own life, and *that* each mortal prove,  
 In word and act, that he does to man the same  
*That* he would have others do to him again.  
 Christ was made man, and he his neighbor loved,  
 As his own soul, and in his life he proved,  
 He did to *all*, all that the law had claim'd,  
 And thus the honors of that law maintain'd.  
 What Jesus was in *his* life's righteousness  
 Each man must be or die, without his GRACE.  
 One *jot* or *tittle* of default in man,  
 Involves the curse, and will the sinner damn.  
 'TIS FINISH'D—the great atonement now is made,  
 Forever perfected are those who're saved!  
 Jehovah incarnate—the Lamb of God has died,  
 And perfects all the Father sanctified.\*  
 O what a scene! from Edom see him come,  
 Roll'd in his blood is God's eternal Son!  
 Glorious his apparel, travelling in his might:  
 Thou universe! behold the nameless sight.  
 O Son of God! *wherefore* art thou red,  
 In thine apparel, as are those who tread  
 The crimson wine vat?—let us hear THEE tell,  
 WHY thou beneath the monster death hast fell.  
 "I've trod the wine press of Jehovah's wrath,  
 The fountain's opened—fill'd is now the bath

\* Or *set apart*.—Jude i.

Of blood divine--on my holy soul there fell  
 Jehovah's vengeance and my people's *hell*!\*  
 The sword awoke!--MY *Father* drew the blade,  
 Its gleaming terrors made all heaven afraid:  
*I* saw its *vengeance*, aghast my spirit stood,  
 That sword oracular cried for *my blood*!  
 My *Father's* hand then raised the blade on high,  
 And to my groans he thunder'd this reply:  
 The day of fierce vengeance to thy soul is come,  
*I must* bring the ransom'd of THE COVENANT home!  
 Thus saying, in fury through my heart he smote,  
 Convulsive throes succeed the awful stroke:  
 He saw my sorrows--*then* HIMSELF WITHDREW,  
 And Tophet's horrors round my spirit grew. }  
 I roar'd, my God! hast thou forsook me too?  
 O there was wo! the deepest ever felt;  
 O there was a *curse*! the fiercest ever dealt  
 Or in hell or earth--God from his Christ depart!  
 Such pangs will ne'er convulse another heart!  
 My saints on earth, at times a shade endure }  
 Of that deep wo, when horror-struck they roar  
 I'm lost! *I've lost the God* my powers adore.  
 Billows of wrath in burning torrents roll,  
 And hell's fierce pains transfix my struggling soul;  
 To the last dregs sin's nameless curse I drunk,  
 And to the power of the grave then sunk.  
 FOR the transgression of *my people*, I  
 Was doom'd to suffer, and compell'd to die,

\* Of all the fanciful ideas of fanciful Divines, *that* of the *abstract* dignity of the person of Jesus, *giving value*, infinite value, to the atonement of Christ, is certainly one of the most *artful*, if not one of the most fanciful of *their Father's* suggestions. The design of the Devil, in raising up such an idea in the Baptist society, was to get, if possible, an accommodation on the part of that society to Arminianism. The Baptist society is to preach the atonement of Christ from *his* infinite dignity as of infinite value, and such as might save all men! Well, if the Devil gets them (as he has got multitudes of them) to preach *that*, then he has the avowed Arminians (the others are but disguised ones) to preach its general application, and to tell the world that even the Baptists admit it of unbounded efficacy! But that is not the worst of those wretched Fullerite sentiments. They represent to us that the death of Christ would have been of just as much value, (*from the infinite dignity of his person,*) if he had died in a gentle slumber, as it is after all the pangs he endured. O, what a reflection upon Jehovah? What an insult to Christ!

On me *their* countless mountain sins were laid,  
*Their* HELL I suffered that they might be saved.  
 'The *flock* the Shepherd ransom'd with his blood,  
 His death 's their life, his flesh is made their food.  
 My church is purchas'd with the *blood* of *God*!  
 Of the possession who shall him defraud!!  
 False, blasphemous, will hell and earth proclaim,  
 Another doctrine in my sacred name:  
 Some will dare to teach, for devils I atone,  
 And in the end will raise *them* to *my throne*!  
 Others declare for every man I died,  
 And with salvation have the *world* supplied:  
 That for the salvation flowing through my blood  
 ALL have a chance, if *they* will make it good.\*  
 To cap the climax of the *absurd* and *lies*,  
 A host will cry, for all men Jesus dies;  
 The atonement 's general, *specially* applied!  
 Hell gets a part of them for whom I died!  
 'This doctrine too shall turn e'en Israel's brain,  
 They'll hail its authors with a loud acclaim,  
 Greet them as Doctors, matchless *reas'ning* men,  
 The *honor* of my church, and *giants* of the *pen*!  
 Their eclat shall cause a thousand more to rise  
 From maggot state, to be pestiferous flies,  
 Swarming through Zion brooding endless lies. }  
 What may not follow! when vain men affirm,  
 Within my earthly courts, that thus they learn  
 Of my bless'd gospel---when their ridiculous fame  
 Is waisted o'er the earth for *lying* in my name.  
 The Father and the Son atonement makes  
 For all mankind! But the holy spirit *takes*  
 And specially applies! Jehovah 's then  
 Divided in counsel and in saving men!!  
 'This shall be call'd reason of the highest grade!  
 Satan its sire---his *creature* Doctor made.  
 Others will make mutable---my blood of nought,  
 And give to hell-fire whom from hell I bought!  
 My Father's justice infamously impugn,  
 And blasphemous teach, he has deceived his Son!  
 Has trifled with his blood and that in *vain*,  
 Humbled me to death transfixed with hell's pain.

\* This is something like as if blind Bartimeus had said to Christ  
 --Lord put in one eye and I will put in the other!



Others, maniac-like, will through the nations run,  
 And thus proclaim—"Whoever loves God's Son  
 For what to them HE is\* or for them has done,  
 Into his kingdom they shall never come!  
 Then seizing water and a flaming brand,  
 Frantic they'll cry with each of these in hand,  
 We'll quench hell's flames--the heavens we will burn,  
 That selfish man henceforth may live and learn  
 To love Immanuel for himself alone,  
 And not for what he'll do, or ever yet has done  
 To save our souls, to have our sins forgiven,  
 To cleanse our hearts or make us heirs of heaven!†  
 But ye, my saints, who reign with me on high,  
 Perceive the doctrine is an awful lie!  
 That by one offering of myself I save,  
 My chosen ones from hell and sin's foul grave!  
 'TIS FINISH'D.—HUMAN nature is display'd,  
 In all the turpitude of which 'tis made,  
 The heart's deep enmity to God is seen,  
 (Albeit but visible what has ever been,  
 Since Adam's fall,) nor are the *outward best*  
 Of human kind, of better hearts possess'd.  
 Who different think, do but themselves delude,  
 And by false standard deem themselves *the good*.  
 The scriptures and philosophy declare,  
 That, *as the tree*, the various branches are;  
 That every creature its likeness must forth bring,  
 Of course the sinner one conceived in sin.  
 Let then self-righteous men *this act* survey,  
 And learn that *all* are demon-like as *they*,  
 Who rush'd infuriate on the peerless good;  
 Slaughter'd Immanuel, trampling on his blood!  
 At this dire scene the sun refused his light,  
 The heavens were shrouded in a tenfold night,  
 The souls of saints in gloom are shrouded o'er,  
 Nature convulsive trembles through each pore!

\* i. e. Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

† This sentiment is the soul of Hopkinsianism! A woman was the originator of this sentiment—barefooted and with disshevelled hair she walked the streets of Alexandria, with a torch in one hand and pitcher of water in the other, and exclaimed as above! This *infamous* sentiment is very prevalent in the New-England states; we have recently got some of it from there in this western Metropolis!

The rocks are rent, the graves wide open flung,  
 And stamp the deed the foulest ever done!  
 SUCH IMPORT to immanuel's dying words,  
 The church in heaven or on earth affords:  
 While all united cry--O ye heavens shout!  
 Rejoice, O earth! Zion, let your praises out!  
 Break forth into singing, O ye mountains high,  
 Ye forests and each tree join in the cry:  
 Shout all!--'The Lord for Jacob's seed hath died,  
 In Israel's salvation he is glorified!

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## RESURRECTION, RE-APPEARANCE,

AND

## INSTRUCTIONS

OF

## CHRIST TO HIS DISCIPLES.

Three days within the tomb did Christ repose,  
 Guarded and watch'd by his inveterate foes:  
 The Sabbath ended, the morning now arrives,  
 When God commanded the Son of Man to rise.  
 The Christ awakes---omnific he exclaims,  
 O death, I am thy plagues! I'll burst thy chains!  
 Thy destruction will I be, O boasting grave,  
 And prove my arm omnipotent to save!  
 Thus saying, in the power of a God,  
 Invisible, he left his dark abode!  
 Obedient clouds his glorious form infold,  
 From mortal sight his presence they withhold:  
 Around him gather heaven's adoring host,  
 In unbreath'd ecstacies their songs are lost:  
 They gaze upon him, bow in sacred awe---  
 Scarce could they *feel* that real which now they saw.

From soul to soul the gentlest murmurs ran,  
 Hail! mighty God! all hail! the glorious man!  
 Here we would lie, here wonder and adore,  
 Eternal muse--nor ask a heaven more.  
 Meanwhile disciples at the grave appeared,  
 With fragrant spices, piously prepared,  
 To embalm the body of their precious Lord,  
 And their last act of faithfulness afford.  
 The grave is open! roll'd away the stone,  
 The Saviour's risen--the blessed object's gone!  
 The tomb they enter--every part explore--  
 But seek, in vain, the object they adore.  
 While fill'd with wonder, and with grief oppress'd,  
 Two radiant forms appear'd and them address'd.  
 "Why seek ye, mortals, 'mong the sleeping dead,  
 The Lord of life and Zion's living head!  
 Why not remember what he said to you,  
 How he must suffer, and what he *must* do:  
 The Son of Man by sinful man must die,  
 And rise again, to reign with God on high.  
 So spake Messiah, while yet in Galilee,  
 And this the time that those great things should be."  
 The disciples heard, and then remember'd well,  
 From lips of Christ such promises had fell.  
 They quick return, with boundless joy possess'd,  
 And the great scene make known to all the rest.  
 Peter rush'd forth to the vacated grave,  
 Of the event full evidence to have:  
 He came--he saw, and wondering did recede,  
 And testified that Christ had risen indeed.  
 Two of the disciples, the same day, went forth,  
 To Emmaus--of Judea's cities north--  
 And as they journey, they beguile their walk,  
 While Christ they speak of, and his hist'ry talk.  
 Their hopes, their joys, in him had almost fled,  
 Since he was numbered with the silent dead.  
 While they thus commune--and mutual sympathize,  
 Lo! *one* appears, who fills them with surprise.  
 He asks the subject of their colloquy,  
 Receives their answer, and makes this reply.  
 O fools and slow of heart, are ye to quote  
 All that the prophets of Messias wrote.  
 Ought not Christ to have suffered all these things,

And rise to his glory as the King of Kings?#  
 And then beginning with what Moses penned,  
 He expounded the Scriptures 'till the prophets' end.  
 Their heaving breasts with sacred rapture thrill'd  
 To see in Christ those prophecies fulfill'd:  
 And when he left them they together cry--  
 What floods of light! our ecstasies, how high!  
 While HE unfolded to our wond'ring souls,  
*Jehovah's* promises, which none controls!  
 How dark our minds--O how blind were we,  
 Thus long to live, nor *this connexion* see!  
*Jehovah* prophesied that Christ *should* come,  
 He has appear'd, and heaven's pleasure done.  
 And O! what joy does the great thought convey,  
 That Jesus Christ, the life, the truth, the way,  
 Shall (*all, all the prophecies of God engage!*)  
 POSSESS IN HEAVEN A RANSOM'D HERITAGE!!  
 Genius of Arminianism! what say'st thou?  
 God may, or *not*, fulfil his word--his vow!  
 Ergo--God prophesied that Christ should come,  
 The event might or might not have been done!  
 God prophesies that Christ *shall* have a seed,  
 Albeit that promise is not to be believed!  
 To thee we say--avaunt, thou impious fool,  
 Nor more profess thou'rt taught in Jesus' school.  
 HE says--*all* things the prophets spake of him,  
*Must* be fulfill'd---till the last stone's brought in,  
 Of GRACE's edifice---not one tittle fails,  
 Or as HE lives or his great power prevails.  
 O Zion! shout---the glorious truth rehearse!  
 God has proclaim'd, through the wide universe,  
*The counsel of the Lord shall ceaseless stand,*  
*His will be done through earth's remotest land;*  
 THE RANSOM'D OF THE LORD SHALL RETURN TO HIM,  
 ON ZION'S HILL, AND OWN HIM FOR THEIR KING:  
 SONGS FILL THEIR LIPS, WHILE ROUND THEM GLORY  
 SPREADS!  
 AND EVERLASTING JOY SHALL CROWN THEIR HEADS!  
 Once more Immanuel to his saints appears,

\* What that system is, in the sight of heaven, or in value to the soul, which makes all the prophecy and promise of God pure nihil-ity, we may want a term suitably to express. But such a system is *Arminianism!*—making the word of God of none effect—giving the lie essentially to the whole of it,



To cheer their hearts and banish all their fears,  
 To give them counsel---*ordain* and to command,  
 The MEANS of grace---to Jew and Gentile's land.  
 Go ye, said Jesus, into all the world

(My name's the banner that must be unfurl'd)

And preach MY GOSPEL—at your peril dare  
 Proclaim another, than what I declare!

The WHOLE COUNSEL of Jehovah make ye known:

How holy—glorious—*sovereign* is *his* throne.

Proclaim *the kingdom* of your God's at hand;

Exhort attention, or the same command:

THE KINGDOM OF GOD! its *rise* in sov'reign  
 grace,

A past eternity its bless'd birth-place!

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—in Jehovah plann'd,

By Father, Son, and Spirit duly scann'd;

*Just* in its principles, secure its end,

Jehovah's glory, and the sinner's friend.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD! *ordain'd* in worlds  
 above

To embrace the objects of electing love,

And God's great *purpose* in his Christ to prove.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD! in providence convey'd

To every soul *ordained* to be saved;

My Spirit, agent—instrument, my Word:

Ye HEAVENS! witness—"Salvation's of the Lord."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD! establish'd in the *heart*,

Repentance and faith the *gifts* it does impart:

In GRACE 'tis founded in the human soul

And GLORY's vision consummates the whole!

Preach ye *this gospel*—loud these truths proclaim,

They'll prove a blessing in Jehovah's name.

Though men despise it—pharisees abhor,

*Such* is the *gospel* that shall be the power

Of God to *life*—preach that—on me repose,

I'll save you from its fierce and subtle foes,

And by it save them whom Jehovah chose.

Yea, more—I'll make it music to the ears,

Of all my saints—a cordial for their fears.

By it they shall grow in knowledge and in grace,

And as a river they shall find their peace.

*Such* is MY Gospel—such shall be the end.

Who preach *another*—their labour vainly spend.

False Christs, false prophets, and false gospels too,

Shall soon appear, and last all ages through.  
 They'll suppress the doctrine of my sov'reign grace,  
 Afraid of contumely from their fallen race:  
 Some indistinct, *time-serving* scraps they'll preach,  
 Of *my deep counsel* which the scriptures teach.  
 Provoke each other in base sophistries,  
 And for *my gospel* substitute their lies.  
 Audacious, they will, *virtually*, proclaim,  
 Much of the scripture is reveal'd *in vain!*  
 In wild, unceasing effort they will try,  
 By making proselytes, to multiply,  
 And for their works each other Deify. }  
 The means I ordain'd reject—in their own boast:  
 More *wise*, more *gracious*, than the Holy Ghost,\*  
 All, in my name, will loud profess to be  
 My zealous servants cloth'd in charity!  
 Some say the Spirit has too much reveal'd,  
 That all those doctrines should have been conceal'd  
 Which men, by reason taught, indignant hate,  
 Or, *most professors* cannot tolerate!  
 Others will admit all scripture to be good,  
 If in the hands of the great D. D. brood:  
 That they must interpret, and so much dispense  
 As may not shock *man's feelings* or insult *his sense!*  
 That *their* vast wisdom must the case control,  
 Lest *scripture* corrupt and damn the human soul!

\* It is a very general idea among professors, at this day, that only some part of the scripture doctrine may be *safely* preached: such as repentance and faith; that the rest is too mysterious and will do no good if preached upon! Now such sentiment implies—

1. An infamous reflection upon the wisdom of the Holy Ghost: and is a direct lie to the word of God.—(See 2 Tim. 3: 16.)

2. It betrays an ignorance of what the repentance and faith of God's elect are, for there is as much mystery in the source and nature of that repentance and faith as there is in any thing revealed in the scriptures.

3. It is a virtual acknowledgment to the Dagon of Arminianism that the doctrine of sovereign grace is *bad*, consequently false.

4. That those who preach upon this principle, are ignorant or knavish Arminians, who want to get and keep a congregation together, that they may keep themselves by the fleece thereof.

Those that act so, as professed Calvinists, are ripe for any measure of treason against the truth that hell may bribe them to.

Declare *the whole* counsel of God!! the doctrine of Jehovah's sovereignty is as likely to be blessed by the Holy Ghost to salvation, as that of repentance!

'Ten thousand will have their *pious* labors *bless'd*  
 When they make *some* scripture *contradict* the rest! \*  
 On this *their* systems and their souls will stand.  
*Those* fly like chaff—*these* fall—forever damn'd !  
 Of such are those who spurn *my* righteousness,  
 Insult my elect, rob'd in the glorious dress:  
 Whoon their LEGAL IDOL shreds of scripture hang,  
 And cry—behold salvation's glorious plan!  
 The *world* will see, and seeing, hail *its* own,  
 And of the idol *worshippers* become.  
 'Then shout the host—O what a proof is given,  
 Ours is the gate, and ours the way to heaven!  
 Again—more general shall my gospel be  
 An off'ring at the shrine of man's cupidity.  
 My truth be valued by measure and by weight,  
 (And hell unnumbered purchasers will make)  
 'That *inch* of *truth*, in common courtesy,  
 'To *span* of *interest* ever should give way:  
 For *ounce* of *lie*, no *liberal* man e'er thought,  
 'That *pound* of *gain* is not most cheaply bought!  
 'That *truth* *suppress'd* for peace' sake, all may see,  
 Is emanation of heaven's bright charity! †  
 A multitude, while *their* *Father's* fire burns,

\* The author has, in every direction, found an exemplification of this among the Arminians: So that when one or another of the truths of the gospel have been luminously discussed and supported by the whole tenor of divine revelation, and the "lying Spirit" itself began to blush, then if one scrap of scripture was suggested, apparently opposing the doctrine of *grace*, the welkin rang with a "bless God—glory to God," &c.—and for what? Why for making it appear that God's own word contradicts itself! And when a scrap of scripture cannot be found by them for such a purpose, and in such a case, they will make one of their fraternity a class-leader or a bishop, who will belch out lustily an anathema against the doctrine in such cases of their extremity. There is more demoniac glee among the Arminians in exhibiting or attempting to exhibit God a liar, than the devil himself ever manifested.

† Charity! heaven born Charity! how art thou disguised, perverted, and abused, by ignorance and *knavery*. God *ordains* one *only*, and grand instrument, to save sinners and bless his Church, and that is, *his* Gospel in *all* its *doctrine*, precept and promise! And ministers (so called) and churches (so called) exalt themselves to heaven for *liberality*, *prudence* and *charity*, because they *suppress* the greater part of the doctrine of that Gospel! Ye hypocrites, ye generation of vipers, God will find you out in all the meanderings of your Proteus existence.



Shall zealous cry—The gospel gives *the terms*  
 And *conditions*, upon which *all men may live*  
 And these are they—repent and Christ believe!  
 Who have with these conditions well complied  
 They *will* be *saved*, though Christ for them *ne'er* died!  
 Others will tell how Christ and all heaven weep  
 Because *all* men will not become *his* sheep: \*  
 And others declare (and chill e'en devils' blood)  
 Sinners reject the gospel—and thus *stab* their God! †  
 Transfix his breast with agonizing pain,  
 O'erwhelm his face with disappointment's shame!  
 The truth is this—my gospel loud proclaims,  
 To *give* repentance and faith the Saviour reigns.  
 These fools know not—'tis my sov'reign instrument  
 To make my people truly penitent;  
 And to their souls the "election's" faith convey,  
 Which faith shall end in heaven's immortal day.  
 For *them* the pages of my sacred word,  
 Exhortations, precepts, and commands afford---  
 'Tis by the *foolishness* of *preaching them*,  
 God shews his sov'reign power in saving men!  
 Man is condemn'd already---e'er the gospel came! }  
 And thus of him the words of God proclaim:  
 If he believe not---*condemned he'll still remain!* }  
 If he believe not, then full proof is given  
 He *ne'er* was *chosen* to be heir of heaven! ‡

\* Vide the Editor of the "Columbian Star," who is wont to say in his sermonizing, that "Jesus Christ in heaven is *weeping* over sinners because they wont repent and be saved!"

† Vide The Baptist Minister (*so called*) of the Pittsburgh church, who says in his sermonizing—"The very bosom of God is *stabbed* by sinners in their rejection of the gospel."—The *stabbing*, I suppose, is to account for the *weeping*: What a ghastly looking object *their* God must be by this time! Juggernaut must be a very Apollo himself compared with their God!

‡ Again we repeat that not exercising evangelical faith in Christ, does not make men guilty—it is not the *cause* of their final condemnation: But the want of that faith *leaves* them guilty, *leaves* them condemned—*leaves* them in a state of *nature*, leaves them where they fell to in Adam's transgression, and where God designed they should remain! For those who pretend to preach *salvation by grace*, for them to hold such a sentiment, is a most gross inconsistency: And yet, alas! how many professed Calvinist ministers do it! But the cause of this inconsistency is most obvious—to wit: by making it the *moral duty* of all men to believe, they make it the *moral duty* of all men to *support* a ministry as the means by which they



My kingdom some will fancy born with them,  
 And some will make it in the power of men.  
 Some disconnect the spirit and the word,  
 Yet claim the kingdom and salute me *Lord!*  
 'The *Spirit's work* some will dare deride,  
 And in the *letter* lawlessly confide:  
*Profess*, that reason and the letter give,  
 'That *faith*, which my elect from God receive.  
 Nor aught so base, so false, so full of sin,  
 But what the world will own and glory in  
 More than *my kingdom*---which I bid you preach,  
 And Jew and Gentile the great doctrine teach.  
 But fear ye not---though few may follow you:  
 Remember God is to his cov'nant true.  
 'That all he has given me *shall* surely live,  
 And by MY GOSPEL too they shall believe!  
 'That gospel preach'd to Adam's fallen race,  
 In its deep *counsel* and its sov'reign grace,  
 Shall determine who the truth receive,  
 Or who in its form or in its power live!  
 Was MY GOSPEL preach'd---my *counsel thus* made  
     known,  
 My church on earth would not (*instead of stone!*)  
 Be heap'd with rubbish---stubble, hay, and wood,

are to believe; and they also make it the moral duty of man, woman and *child* to fill up their meeting houses and make them out respectable congregations: But the *truth* and the divine commission is, "go, preach my gospel," not as the moral duty of *all* men to believe, but as the simple (and to the world foolish) means of *giving* unto the elect repentance and faith! It is the *instrument of salvation* to the church, not a *moral obligation* to the world!!

This doctrine of its being the moral duty of all men to exercise evangelical faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, reduces many of our professed Calvinistic ministers to such a degree of self contradiction in their preaching that it is difficult to say whether pity for them or contempt for their heresy prevails: They say with one breath—Evangelical repentance and faith are part of the riches of grace treasured up in Christ Jesus for the church! With the next breath they say that it is the moral duty of the world to make provision for its own salvation, from the ruins of the fall, exactly equal to all that Almighty God could make in the man Christ Jesus! That man's sin is not because he has made himself unholy, but because he wont make himself holy! not because he has fallen to hell, but because he wont raise himself to heaven!

Such palpable self-contradiction proclaims the presence of Arminianism, or theological *knavery!* *hatred of the truth*, or love of the *loaves!*

While men blasphemous call it *work of God*!  
 And then no sinecure would Zion prove,  
 For those who the wages of the unrighteous love.  
 No more the arena for *ambition's* pranks,  
 Where every *Judas* gets a world's loud thanks.  
 No more would man in learning's tinsell'd dress,  
 Or of my gospel, or in my name profess  
 To flutter o'er the heads of gaping fools,  
 In babel's chatter or in heathen's schools.  
 'Midst all this scene forever I will raise,  
 Bold champions of my cross—whose mortal days  
 Shall all be consecrated hell to *dare*,  
 And my great kingdom fearlessly declare.  
 Thus Christ commanded, then to Peter said,  
 Simeon!—you see me risen from the dead:  
 I am now to leave you and my little fold,  
 I have lov'd, and love them, in a love ne'er told:  
 While still I linger on this wo worn earth,  
 My bowels yearn o'er them of grace's birth.  
 Thou lovest me! do thou that love now prove,  
 By serving them whom I *eternal* love.  
 Feed, feed my sheep, my lambs with milk supply,  
 Thou shalt *live* for them, for them too thou shalt *die*!  
 They drink one fountain, and they eat one bread,  
 Pursue one way, are by one Spirit led;

\* There are very many ministers calling themselves Calvinists!—Or, believing that the *grace* of God is sovereign, discriminating and confined to the elect: and that the *providence* of God will bring forth and sustain a *ministry* for carrying into effect his purposes of grace! this they are in their creed by *profession*: now only let them abandon all *meritricious* means of keeping up the appearance of a visible church, and let them simply preach the doctrine of grace, without guile or hesitancy, and throw themselves upon the arms of a special providence—let them do this, according to the genius of the calvinistic faith, and they will learn—as sure as souls are in their bodies,

1. That mankind esteem the gospel of Christ *now* as they did from the lips of Jesus!

2. That no talent, no piety will exempt them from the same calumny that Christ endured.

3. They will learn how *hideously* vast is the difference between what *men* have got together as the Church of Christ, and the real, essential Church.

4. They will learn that the particular providence of God is as necessary to prevent them from starving in this *day* of *overflowing* charity, as it was in the prophet Elijah's!

In every age, in every clime *the same*,  
 They REST and GLORY only in *my name*!  
 Give them the *milk*, the *bread* and the strong meat,  
*That's* all they hunger for and all they'll eat.  
 Nor yet fastidious will my people feed  
 Or ask who bring it—canst thou Hebrew read?  
 The *hungry* care not, if the food be good,  
 If it be *serv'd* on porcelain or on wood.\*  
 Albeit my sheep essentially deem,  
 That *servant* and *dish*, respectively, be clean.  
 Chaff, husks and rinds demand a golden plate,  
 (The latter will much appetite create.)  
 Full flowing periods, nature's rhetoric,  
 Pathetic tales and stage stirring trick,†  
 Will be the wisdom and the power of men,  
 To make my gospel merchandise and gain.  
 In wisdom's semblance they will loud profess,  
 To clothe my gospel in *scientific* dress;  
 Bow to the world, and cry in loud acclaim,  
 Behold *our religion* by *your science* reign!‡  
 The world in court'sv the flattery will return,  
 And thousands for office in *their* gospel burn;

\* Nothing is a more certain evidence of *secret* enmity to the *truth* than when professors thereof find fault with the *mere* manner of address of those who preach it—such persons may be set down at once as Iscariots!

† This telling of old wives' fables in the pulpit gives many ministers all their consequence: Hence we hear from the pulpit that all modern improvements in the arts and sciences—such as steam boats, canals, railways, turnpikes, bridges, balloons, &c. &c. are all in preparation for the Lord when he comes in the latter day glory; that he will take it all from the world and give it to his people, especially those *that are Baptists*! Who, then, would not be on the Lord's side? Who wont contribute to making *a revival* for the Lord? Who wont join his church, especially the Baptist society, who is to have Benjamin's portion! Indeed, Mr. B. this may be said to be "good news from a far country." How deep your researches into the scriptures are! What *new* things you bring out! 'Tis high time your M. A. was changed into a D. D. for nothing but the erudition of a Doctor could have made you thus *knowing*! Quere—If the *world* would not be, upon the authority of Grotius, Puffendorff, or any other international law writer, justified in making the church *now* meet the expenses of these improvements? Are you learned enough, Mr. B. to answer this! at least, are you not *afraid* of it?

‡ Vide Col. Star—and verily it is true, *their* religion reigns by the science, i. e. policy of this world!



That world will feed them, clothe them, dub them  
wise;

Strange phantasies shall o'er their visions rise;  
'Till they at last shall, self-deceived, conclude,  
*That Zion has CHANGED HABILIMENTS AND FOOD!*  
That what feeds my church at dawn of gospel day,  
Has at last become as thistles or as hay.  
Who differ from them (in *the truth's* defence)  
They'll class with oxen, as to zeal or sense,  
Proclaim them stupid—illiberal, unkind,  
And of *their wond'rous signs profoundly blind!*  
They'll multiply their heralds, woo all men,  
And by *their* standard, judge, approve, condemn.\*  
Against my pastors anathemas be hurl'd,  
By countless professors and a *kindred* world;  
'Till in the end, and when again I come,  
The faith of my elect shall scarce be known!  
But Simeon, in *you* I have exemplified,  
That truth which hell and earth shall thus deride.  
*I* call'd, *I* quicken'd, and your soul *I* fed,  
*I* kept, *I* counsell'd and have safely led  
Your wandering feet:—e'en when you denied  
Your Lord and Master, still for you he cried.  
At mercy's throne—for you he intercedes:  
'The Priest *must* pray for *all* for whom he bleeds!  
'Then go thou forth and all life's journey through,  
Proclaim *that* grace which has appear'd in you.

\* Here the author means to be understood as saying:—That our Fullerite Baptists get up some meeting-house, college, theological school, or missionary *project*, and those that do not aid them are marked as the objects of their covert inuendoes, or open flings, if they may *dare* attempt the latter. Under the primiership of an *appropriate* Doctor, and the *agency* of one of Asia's converts to Baptism, (tho' not a *taunty* one,) the above doings have been carried to an extent, in the name of the Baptist society, that is without precedent in the history of the Baptist church in America. Never was there a society that exhibited greater credulity in the professions of two ecclesiastical aspirants, and never was a society made to bleed in reputation more than they have done for that credulity. The bubble is now bursting—the whole of their vast edifice is tottering—college, school, “Star,” and all are sinking into merited oblivion: 200,000 dollars, at least, have they, first and last, defrauded orphan and widow, friends, *brethren*, honest laborers and mechanics, out of, to make their *religious* DEMONSTRATION. In doing this, they have given a practical illustration of “Fuller's gospel”!! O how worthy of all acceptance! and imitation too!



I'll raise up others, who shall well maintain  
 The glorious gospel you are to proclaim.  
 However foolish to the world it be,  
 Or high it raise their carnal enmity;  
 However treach'rous *professors* too may prove  
 To MY bless'd gospel, which they seem to love;  
 It is *the truth*, to all eternity!  
 It is *the truth*, and shall my people free  
 From hell and sin: the *hungry* it shall feed,  
 And staunch all wounds with which my saints may  
 bleed !

Tell ye my people, that a God of love,  
 Beholds them from his glorious throne above  
 With pitying eye—his bowels o'er them yearn,  
 And underneath them 's his eternal arm.  
 Tell them, thus saith the High and Lofty One,  
 Who on rolling worlds wheels his eternal throne;  
 To this man I'll look, with complacent delight,  
 E'en to him who mourneth with a heart contrite.  
 The smoking flax I never will forsake,  
 The bruised reed my power shall never break:  
 That sweeter music to my ear 's *their* GROANS,  
 Than song and lyre of all angelic thrones!  
 And those, ungrateful, who backslide from me,  
 (A lasting monument is found in *thee*!)  
 Their sins I'll visit with chastisement's rod,  
 But still will be their loving, *faithful* God.  
 Tell them their sorrow now will not compare  
 With that great weight of glory to which they are heir:  
 That having loved them, I will love them still,  
 And give them grace to *endure* and do my will:  
 Nor height, nor depth, things present, or to come,  
 Nor life, nor death, shall separate them from  
 My intercessions, and my Father's love,  
 Or rob them of their inheritance above.  
 That all the attributes of God engage,  
 To save them *from sin*, and Satan's subtle rage:  
 God's power, his wisdom, faithfulness and truth,  
 His justice, mercy, promises and oath,  
 United stand, to make salvation sure,  
 While heaven shall last, or God himself endure.  
 Thus teach my saints *Jehovah's* love to know,  
 Thus comfort, comfort, them while here below:

And as they learn what mercy is bestow'd,  
 What sin forgiven through God's incarnate blood;  
 So will their love to the Jehovah rise,  
 SO WILL THEY LIVE AS FAV'rites OF THE SKIES!

## THE ASCENSION!

ADVENT OF THE HOLY GHOST;

AND

## PREACHING OF THE APOSTLES.

Thus spake Messiah, while around him form'd

A cloud of glory, ineffably adorn'd:

It felt his mandate (inaudibly given)

And bore its Maker for his native heaven.

Midway from earth ten thousand angels meet

The rising God! and his bless'd presence greet,

As they ascend in worship at his feet.

From heaven's empyreal confines, angel *Thrones*,

Behold the *object*, and exclaim, Who comes!

Who shall ascend from earth, sin's dark abode,

Into the hill of an all-righteous God?

What being from *that* world shall see the face

Of our Jehovah in his holy place?

Whoe'er he be, *clean* hands he must possess,

A *heart* all pure, and spotless righteousness.

Whose soul has ne'er been swoln in vanity,

Or dealt with God or man deceitfully:

*He*, and *us* only, ever shall receive,

The *blessing* which Jehovah has to give!

That blessing is, *eternal life and grace*,

To man's degenerate, wretched, ruin'd race!

With trumpet tongue attendant hosts reply,

'Tis the Maker, monarch, *Glory* of the sky,  
 Jehovah incarnate—the mighty Son, the child,  
*The man*—all holy, harmless, undefiled!  
 Lift up your heads, ye gates of heaven, with joy,  
 Let all within you every power employ,  
 In song of welcome to the *First* and *Last*,  
 Our future glory, as he has been our past.  
 O, everlasting doors wide open fling,  
 And let Jehovah's king of glory in.  
 He's the Lord strong and mighty, terrible in fight,  
 He has put the alien armies all to flight:  
 Returns to heaven!—In him Jehovah boasts:  
 'The King of Glory and the Lord of Hosts!  
 The gates spring up, the doors wide open fly;  
*The cloud of glory* sails resplendent by,  
 'To the eternal mountain of the Lord,  
 By *thrones* saluted, and by *thrones* ador'd.  
 Into the Holy place Immanuel flies,  
 (Abode unpierced by created eyes,)  
 At Jehovah's feet the holy Jesus stood,  
 And spread HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS and SHEW'D  
 HIS BLOOD!

The Almighty radiance smiled ineffably,  
 And for this offering gracious did reply.  
 Son of my love eternal! delight of my eyes,  
 I hail thee welcome to thy native skies!  
 A sweet smelling *sacrifice* to me thou hast brought,  
 A glorious robe of righteousness hast wrought:  
 Opened "*a fountain*" in thy Father's house,  
 A cleansing fount for *sov'reign* grace's use!  
 Delight of my eyes! thou darling of my soul!  
 I'll give thee of glory, *visible*, the whole!  
 Now go thou forth to my eternal hill,  
 And there I'll utter my unutter'd will.  
 Obedient, Christ recedes to where ordain'd,  
 And thus the voice omnipotent proclaim'd:  
 Hear, O ye heavens, O earth—all lands and sea,  
 My righteous, and unalterable decree!  
 This day I set on Zion's holy hill,  
 My King of glory, and he SHALL fulfil  
 My *sov'reign* pleasure—whate'er he asks of me,  
 That I will give him through eternity.  
 The heathen I will give for his inheritance,  
 And earth's utmost bounds in saving penitence.

He *shall* bring his children to an holy birth,  
 And daughters from the ends of the wide earth.  
 Out of all nations, kindred, people, tongues,  
 He shall redeem all Zion's chosen sons.  
 His throne shall be an everlasting throne,  
 To his dominion no limits shall be known,  
 To him, I ordain, that every knee shall bow,  
 Of thrones in heaven, and creatures too below.  
 To him shall every mortal tongue confess,  
 As *Judge*, the guilty—saints, as *Truth* and *Grace*.  
 A day I've appointed in which the quick and dead  
 Shall all be judged, by Christ the living head  
 Of all that live. Ye heavens your homage give  
 To *him*, in whom elect you only live!  
 The obedient heavens move in immense desire  
 Toward Zion's hill, cloth'd in devotion's fire:  
 The just made perfect in the cov'nant's blood,  
 Are first to worship the incarnate God.  
 Thou art worthy, they cried, O Jesus, to receive,  
 This throne, this power, all honor God can give;  
 Blessing and glory to the great *I Am*,  
 And *thou* Jehovah's sin-atoning *Lamb*.  
 In thy own blood thou hast wash'd and made us white! }  
 Through thee, O Christ! we *feel* this glorious sight, }  
 And worship thee eternal, day and night.  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand angels then,  
 The matchless glories of the Lamb proclaim;  
 They veil their faces with their golden wings,  
 While heaven's vast concave with their anthem rings.  
 Hail ! holy, holy, holy, mighty Lord,  
 The one Jehovah, and the sov'reign God;  
 Who was, and is, and ever art to be  
 One—*Three* in *One*, through all eternity!  
 Thus Christ exalted to his heavenly throne,  
 MUST send his glorious, blessed, Spirit down,  
 To work salvation FROM THE POWER OF SIN  
 In every soul *ordain'd* to life in him!  
 Eternal Spirit, said the Son of God,  
 Descend to earth, and make my promise good.  
 Thou see'st that people I've redeem'd from hell,  
 How cloth'd in darkness, how deep in sin they're fell;  
 THOU knowest each soul for whom I died and live,  
 I WILL that thou to such salvation *give*.  
 No power but thine, Eternal Spirit, can



Thus change and renovate the soul of man.  
 Light came from darkness by thy power divine,  
 Do thou into the souls of my elect now shine;  
 Give them the light of th' knowledge of their God,  
 That they may sink in dust and self abhorr'd,  
 Thence *be* they rais'd to living faith in me,  
 And let them *feel* my love in *feeling* thee:  
 Then *rest* upon them *all life's journey* through,  
 With heaven their spirits and their thoughts imbue;  
 Provide them Pastors after my own heart,  
 Who shall *feel* my Gospel and its *truth* impart:  
 From glory to glory do thou change each one,  
 'Till on earth my pleasure shall in them be done;  
 And when *below* they have magnified my grace,  
 As plants of my hand, and trees of righteousness,  
 I'll transplant them to my paradise above,  
 Where, in the full fruition of my love,  
 They *shall* fragrant bloom in everlasting spring,  
 And consummate the praise of Zion's King.  
 The eternal Spirit leaves its high abode,  
 In heaven's majestic energy it rode  
 On mighty rushing winds—and entered *where*  
 Christ's saints were met in *hope* and fervent prayer:  
 The house is filled with the unseen power,  
 And all proclaim the Godhead of the doer!  
 Anon, that spirit is seen in tongues of fire,  
 Which all their hearts with sacred awe inspire.  
 Upon each disciple came a flaming tongue;  
 (Emblem of Israel's *new* and *living* one,)  
 Wrapp'd in amaze, in heaving wonder lost,  
 Each soul o'erflowing with the Holy Ghost;  
 Language mirac'lous to the saints is given,  
 To preach the kingdom and the grace of heaven,  
 'Mong every nation, kindred, people, tongue,  
 Where God *ordain'd* his sacred word should run.  
 Amaz'd the enemies of Christ now stood,  
 Though still they own'd not 'twas the power of God.  
 To vulgar merriment themselves resign,  
 And cry—these men are filled with new wine;  
 Their brains are turn'd, their tongues know of no rule;  
 Hence 'tis they chatter, and thus play the fool.  
 The apostles rise—while Peter cries—*forbear!*  
 Ye impious men, and hear what I declare.  
 God prophesied! (and he his word fulfils,)

And here is seen what holy Joel foretells:  
 The Spirit of God's pour'd out upon all flesh,  
 (Gentile and Jew mirac'lous tongues possess,)  
 The unction of prophecy in our spirits burn!  
 We preach the gospel, men of Israel learn!  
 For God declares—who on Christ's name shall call,  
 He shall be saved from *human nature's fall*.  
 Ye men of Israel, hear ye then our words,  
 The gospel that we preach, it is *the Lord's!*  
 Jesus, *as man*, HAD all his life *approved*,  
 By signs and miracles, *as just and good*.  
 And now ye see a glorious sign is given,  
 That whom you kill'd has from the dead arisen.  
 By *God's fixed counsel*, and *foreknowledge* HE  
 Was delivered to you, that all heaven might see  
 How demoniac, dark, and infamous is *man*;  
 And YET fulfil HIS *sov'reign grace's plan!*  
 This *Christ*, exalted o'er heaven's highest host,  
 Receives the *promise*, and gives the Holy Ghost;  
 Which *now ye see*, IN mighty works we've done,  
 Which *now ye hear*, IN Jew and Gentile's tongue.  
 As erst to Sinai came the Eternal Sire,  
 The mountain quak'd, and shot terrific fire;  
 Or, when the Son in human nature came,  
 Exultant angels o'er Judea's shepherds flame;  
 So, when the Spirit to the earth descends,  
*Due* signs and wonders *the event attends!*  
 While thus the Spirit *honor due* receives,  
 To us, as preachers, mirac'lous tongues it gives:  
 That we to Gentiles may *that truth* proclaim,  
 Which God *ordains to life*, through Jesus' name!  
 Though we have tongues, are fill'd with prophecies,  
 Possess all knowledge, fathom mysteries,  
 Or have *that faith* which mountains can remove,  
 Or feed, or die, for *whom* our *natures* love;  
 All this will prove of nought—'tis all in vain,  
 Unless our souls from heaven are *born again!*  
 Born of the Spirit's *regenerating* grace,  
 Wash'd thereby; as are all *Israel's* race!  
 THESE SIGNS, THESE WONDERS, and this  
     mighty power,  
 Of the Eternal Spirit, whom we adore,  
 But shew, in *visible* creation, *that control*,  
 It has, and holds, o'er every *quicken'd* soul!

New heads, new hearts, new feet, and hands, and  
tongues

It gives to Israel,—all *the ransom'd ones!*

It RESTS upon them all life's journey through,

Their thoughts with heaven, and holiness imbue;

Reveals more deep their *native* impotence,

And Christ, the Rock of ages and our sure defence!

Enchants their souls with glories of *his* throne,

'Till they incessant cry—*come!* O Jesu! *COME!*

Thus makes as high the souls of God's *elect*

Above the world, as what apostles' *act*

Is high above the maniac's frantic deeds,

Or who fights his shadow, or for *his honor* bleeds,

This Spirit's presence to all saints proclaims

Jesus has risen, and still lives and *reigns!*

Again Peter speaks the awful mystery,

In Jehovah's counsel, and his *firm decree;*

That Jews, with impious hearts, and wicked hands,

*Must* kill the Christ fulfilling heaven's commands!

That God had raised him that he *should* dispense,

To Jew and Gentile SAVING penitence.

That thus exalted, HE had shed abroad,

The Holy Ghost—and lived both *Christ and Lord!*

BOTH LORD AND CHRIST! the LORD of power un-  
known,

To RULE *the wicked*, and to SAVE HIS OWN!

THE CHRIST! the anointed Prophet, Priest and King,

Thus given of God to THE ELECT in him.

Made of Jehovah to all the heirs of *grace*

REDEMPTION, WISDOM, their great RIGHTEOUSNESS

And SANCTIFIER!—HIM, his saints adore,

Ye men or devils, *what want his people* more?

Such truth the Lord commands we preach *to all*,

*That from the MASS* he may *his people* call!\*

\* It is an almost universal impression among men, that God designed the gospel as an instrument for *moralizing the world!* And what is called the gospel ministry is *shaped* accordingly! So that there is infinitely more solicitude manifested to *moralize the world*, than to *save the church!* It is, however, to be proved, *yet*, that God ever designed his gospel for any thing *more* than to save, instrumentally, his church and people! He has got other means of managing the wicked nature of the world, and he as effectually controls *that* among the *heathen* as in *christendom*: God always has, and will continue, in his providence, to place man in such a situation, and *before* him such objects of temporal pursuit as will suitably



To them *he'll* GIVE repentance and true faith,  
 E'en to those ORDAIN'D to *life* through his own death.  
 Such was the SERMON first promulg'd to men,  
 By an apostle, in Immanuel's name!  
 What an apostle preach'd must be safe rule,  
 For all who would learn, or teach, in Zion's school!  
*That* sermon, hateful as it may appear,  
 Or grating to each uncircumcised ear;  
 Was made the power of the Holy Ghost,  
 To give repentance to a numerous host.  
 With uplifted hands—tears streaming from each eye,  
 Three thousand sinners simultaneous cry;  
 “O, awful depths of sin to which we have fell;  
 What shall *we* do to save our souls from hell?”  
 The apostle answered—Sinners! vain you ask,  
 What *you* shall do! Salvation is a task,  
 Which only God performs; to you we are sent  
 To say, that God COMMANDS men to repent.†  
 The *commandment* of the Lord still standeth sure,  
 If men repent, *Jehovah* is the doer!  
*He* speaks!—’tis done—commands, it standeth fast;  
 Of our salvation he’s the *first* and *last*!  
 Christ is exalted Zion’s glorious Prince,  
 To GIVE to *his people* saving penitence.  
 Repentance is of *grace*, and so is faith,  
 Both GIFTS secured by our Immanuel’s death,  
 Thus testify the saints, and thus the scripture saith.. }  
 As now, hereafter, multitudes will rise,  
 As *Israel’s teachers*, mantled in disguise,  
 Profess to make the gospel to *all men* plain,  
 And thus, illusive, to the world proclaim.  
 O Earth, Earth, Earth, you *have* most ample POWER,  
 You want but the WILL for to become the doer  
 Of all the *law* and gospel too demands,  
 And thus fulfil *all* the divine commands.

influence him to put himself under *so much restraint* as will secure  
 the existence of society, until God has done his purpose with *that*  
*society* on earth! “He makes the wickedness of the wicked to  
 praise him, and the residue of their wrath *He* restrains.”—Then let  
 the gospel be preached to *the end* designed, and not attempt to  
 shape it into another use! Don’t *fear* the wicked, but *fear* God, and  
 do his commandments!!

† God commands men *every where*, (not all men,) i. e. among  
 Gentiles as well as Jews!—God commands in *sovereign grace*!—*it*  
*must be done!*



We have found at last, what mortal never knew,  
The *law* says, "do and live," and thus the *gospel* too!  
We've found it out! let not our wisdom die!

(Ye *disguised* ARMINIANS, *frown on all* reply!)

We have found it out! and thus in love proclaim,  
REPENTANCE AND FAITH, AND MORAL LAW'S THE  
SAME!

(Who will deny us now a D. D.'s name!)

This being so, then only love the Lord,

Eternal life shall be *your* great reward!

O you have POWER to *quicken* your dead souls!

Get but the WILL and then *your* POWER controls

All sin, all hell, all earth, death and the grave,

And proves *your* arm omnipotent to save!

Ne'er doubt, though Christ asserts, it is a God

That works repentance, and does faith afford:

Though apostles say, Almighty power doth save,

E'en *that* rais'd a Saviour from the grave!

Though Paul himself declares he has the WILL,

But not the power, one precept to fulfil!

Though all before us who have Jesus *own'd*,

For *want* of power have sigh'd and wept and groan'd;

Though every step of the *dread* path they trod,

Was watered with scalding tears, and sweat and blood;

While each exclaim'd, alas! no power have I

To think one righteous thought; I'm vanity,

Of vanities; my volition and *my* power,

\* Fuller, in his gospel, labors to convince the Baptist church that he is a Calvinist *sentimentally*; and conceiving that he is secure of this opinion, he throws all his subtlety of effort into an attempt to lead the Baptist church into the *practical* foolery of a methodist camp-meeting. This is what the Devil was at when he put forth Fuller's gospel! He found he could not make the Baptist church *sentimentally* Arminian, to the end that they might become practically so! and therefore, he determined to exercise his *master stroke* of manœuvre to make them *practical* Arminians, to the end that they might, *ostensibly*, tolerate and sanction, for a season, by their doings, all the deliria impulses of Arminianism; and become, *finally*, so charmed and enchanted with the *parade, eclat and honor*, he would secure their *practical* Arminianism, that they would become (like Samson in the lap of Delila) so enfeebled with *adulation*, that they would yield at last to the *sentiment* as well as *practice*!—This is an *epitome* of the Devil's design with Fuller's gospel that has, *already*, tingling demonstration! The Columbian College and Columbian Star are the centre point of that *demonstration*!

Are both abortions every fleeting hour!\*

'Though it be said by HIM who's ever true,  
 'Tis *God* works in his saints to *will* and *do*;  
 'That by *his power* they are kept through faith,  
 And in that power stand faithful unto death.  
 Be not ye mov'd from Fuller's† gospel, *wise*,

\* That the atonement of Christ derives its value from the mere dignity of the person of Christ: that God the Father made that atonement *general*, and the Holy Ghost makes it *special*: that Jesus Christ was in a state of trial and probation here on earth: that Jesus Christ weeps in heaven because sinners wont believe and be saved: that the very bosom of God is stabbed by sinners in their rejection of the gospel: that believers are not to love Christ for what he is to them, but for what he is in himself, and must love him as much if he sends them to hell as if he raise them to glory: that every man will be judged and rewarded according to *his works*, and therefore John Wesley will have one of the highest, or the very highest seat in glory---higher than the apostle Paul, or any other apostle, for he did more works than either Paul or any one of the apostles:† that it is the *moral duty* of all men to believe, who have the gospel, and the moral duty of those who have it to send it to those who have it not; and that to neglect these moral duties is to be subjected to condemnation: that every sinner may, at any moment, now or hereafter, choose and decide whether he will be saved or not: that the *condition* or *term* upon which pardon of sin is granted, is the *confession* of sin: that all the improvements in the arts and sciences, political and domestic economy, are all but so much *preparation* for the Lord, when he comes to reign on earth: that *he* will give it all to his saints, particularly those who have been Baptists; and that their shares in the general stock will be in proportion to what they now do for the Lord, in building colleges, theological schools, &c. The foregoing is a small specimen of the doctrine preached by the Fullerites: all of which the author has heard them advance himself, and will hereafter give their *worthy names*. Well may the Fullerites vaunt and say---Andrew's gospel is *unanswerable*! If what *they* preach be *his* gospel, the Devil would blush at the blasphemy it exhibits---even Satan would find it intangible!

† This sentiment is preached by a man calling himself a Regular Baptist Minister! Is this not a slander upon the Regular Baptist Society of sufficient magnitude to entitle that individual to the penitentiary? But he threw it out as a *bait* for the Methodists, and it is worthy of the prostituted intellect and selfish doings of the creature that uttered it. To him we say---Thou lineal descendant of Elymas, mark! there is a point beyond which *forbearance* ceases to be a virtue! You appear to have done your dirty work, your reward is at hand! An insulted, slandered society shall ere long mete it to you---or you must fly!

‡ As a *regular*, old-fashioned Baptist in theology, the author *feels* and expresses an ineffable contempt for Mr. Fuller's gospel! and

'Tis no *bald, disjointed chat*, or *cloth'd with lies!*  
 Still, still believe, that God *made man* more wise  
 Than angels—who ne'er could scan the mysteries  
 Of *Grace's reign!* believe ye, furthermore,  
 That God made man with Almighty power!  
 A power *from corruption* holiness to form!  
 And if he *WILLS*, a Devil to transform!  
 Believe not only, man was *made* to love  
 With *creature power*, the God of heaven above,  
 But that man also, if in case he fell,  
 Was *bound* to save himself from sin and hell;  
 That if he be saved not by his own *powerful* hand,  
 Then his damnation *is* because he's damn'd!\*

solemnly, after repeated perusal of that gospel, he does not think that ever Fuller knew, in his own soul, what the repentance and faith of God's elect are! Fuller did *well* as a writer against Arianism---it was Greek against Greek! (argumentum ad hominem!) in which case he might prove the better Greek without being a Christian! Stephen's answer to Andrew's gospel shows the latter committing himself to so many and such palpable contradictions as would disgrace a school-boy: yet his numerous brainless or graceless admirers proclaim the book unanswerable! Now be it known that the Devil has 99 Arminians and Fullerites to patronize Fuller's gospel, *or any other heretical book*, where there is one child of grace to patronize *an answer!* This will account for Andrew's gospel not having been exposed as an imbecile heterodox *production* by many!

\* If the gospel be simply the blessed INSTRUMENT, in the hand of the Holy Ghost, of saving the church from sin and preparing her for heaven: then to hold it up as a code of law for the *world* is a lie! And yet how much of this slang is found in the ministry of even professed Calvinists. For instance, they say to the *world*—What gospel light you have resisted! What grace you have abused! What privileges you have neglected! Now the fact is, the world has not one ray of *gospel* light, not one grain of grace, and not one privilege in the gospel—not one tittle of interest *there!* Then again the world is threatened with damnation for resisting that gospel light—for abusing that grace—for neglecting those terms, &c.---Men, women and children are terrified with the apprehension that the gospel will be the sole cause of their condemnation, or doubly damn them unless they comply with certain terms and conditions which it holds forth to *all!* To have read or heard read, to have even *touched* or *seen* the gospel, appears to involve them in this *double damnation*, and they become terrified into a *profession*---like unto Ephraim's food! i. e. the east wind!

Why this blasphemous representation of the precious gospel?---Why this mighty solicitude to terrify sinners with a prospect of damnation from the *gospel* as well as from the *law?* Why this per-



Believe ye this—nor will ye want for proof,  
 That *Fuller's* Gospel is the *matchless* truth:  
 Ten thousand *covert* PHARISEES will own,  
 That *Fuller's* Gospel is the worthy one:  
 Ten thousand geniuses, of order bright,  
 Shall bless the day that usher'd it to light;  
 The day that gave it to their *subtle* hand,  
 The *alchymist*, magi, and *their* FATHER's wand!\*

verting the right ways of the Lord? Why this unblushing and gross inconsistency among professed Calvinistic ministers? Is it ignorance, or is it to make good the quid pro quo!

Jehovah has proclaimed his gospel to be his *instrument* of "saving them that believe, even as many as are ordained unto eternal life, or that the Lord our God shall call!" Why not then hold it up with unwavering purpose of heart, and in *uniform* testimony, as *that* instrument, and nothing more or less! This only can give the sinner legitimate ground of confidence in and hope from it. If this view thereof does not attract his attention and interest his feelings, no other will! Other representation of the precious gospel is false, and *must* end in delusion!

\* By this potent dogma of Fuller, namely—that it is the "*moral duty* of all men who have, or who *can* have, the Bible, to believe *savingly* in Christ:" and, consequently, the moral duty of all who have the Bible to put it into the hands of those who have it not, or be subject to the "most awful of God's punishments," by the power of this dogma, we say, the Fullerite Baptists in America have established missions in the genuine spirit of Arminianism, built 60,000 dollar meeting houses—a college, theological seminary, obtained extensive patronage for their Baxterian, or, otherwise, non-descript theological publications (Latter Day Luminary, and Columbian Star!) run into debt to the amount of 200,000 dollars, (and which they will pay exactly when Great Britain pays her national debt!) to the defrauding of widow and orphan, and ruin of friends and *brethren*!† By the power of this dogma the most of the Baptist churches cease to have any charity for themselves, for their children, for their families, relatives, friends and neighbors, (O what zeal for the Lord!) they cease to maintain an evangelical ministry among themselves: they cease to consider it their duty to bestow a farthing upon an evangelical minister that God in his providence may send or permit to go among them—they cease to care whether one doctrine or another is introduced among their churches! By this dogma, delusion has been carried so far that shoals of professors in the Baptist society have conceived it their *moral duty* to preach, even though they stuttered equal to Demosthenes when his mouth was filled with gravel stones.‡ By the power of this dogma, shoals of professed Baptists have conceived that any little, petty thing they might do, or had done, to put the Bible into the hands of others, raised them at once, in "*the eye of the world*," as Howards! made them very Solomons, and superseded the necessity



(Dead, dead the soul, what POWER can it have;  
 Or,—WILL—the bones, now crumbling in the grave!)  
 The doctrine has the voice of Tophet's Sire:  
 'Tis a blasting effort to make God a liar!  
 To hurry professors into all extremes  
 In doing and device, of the maniac's dreams;  
 'Till the vain form of godliness prevail, }  
 Blanch Zion's cheek, and make her pastors wail }  
 In tears of blood—while foes exult and rail!  
 Apostles preach'd! and so did Zion's Head,  
 To man as in a moral grave, and dead;

of *their* knowing, or being concerned about, the *mere truth* of the Bible through the medium of an evangelical ministry, which they conceive to be an *old-fashioned*, *obsolete* affair in the church, and therefore treat it with *due* gibe and contempt when compared with their *scientific* doings. By the power of this dogma, delusion has already been carried so far that young ladies of the first respectability have conceived it their *moral duty* to marry Indians with the expectation and fond, fond, *hope of securing* a PROGENY OF CHRISTIANS: while other females have been excited to such a degree with the idea that it was *their moral duty* to preach, that even in the Baptist church alone, several females have become, (by the agitations of their minds upon the subject through the day) somnolent preachers at night: By this dogma, Miss Livermore and Miss Miller (the latter, if not the former, was a baptist) have been goaded into the ministry as a *call* of God, though God himself in his word peremptorily forbids any petticoat ministry, (see 1. Tim. 2:11) and though it is a solemn fact, that no woman that ever yet pretended to preach, has preached *the truth*, but, *at best*, gross *arminianism*! And further, it must be observed, that when any such female preacher has been made an evangelical believer, she has blushed at the recollection of her own impudence, delusion and lies while professing to be a preacher; and has learned *thereafter* to keep silent in the Church. By the influence of this dogma, the Regular Baptist Church will have themselves inundated with heretical *professors*, and ministers, until they lose sight of their faith, order and every thing, but this dogma of Fuller's about *moral duty*: this will be the case, or they must, ere their arm is palsied, shake the loathsome reptile off them, and leave it to consume in the noisy blaze of its own kindling! The author knows the temporary storm that these observations will raise against him, but very shortly after, if his life is spared, he will hush it to *prudential* silence, by the exhibition of facts stern as death!

† Among numerous instances, the author knows of one ministering brother who has been cheated out of 5000 dollars, and one private brother who is responsible for them to the amount of 36,000, and he will no doubt be made a bankrupt for it in his old age!—Who, then, can doubt *their zeal* for the Lord!

‡ Instances of this sort the author has met with again and again.

Until they hear the Omnific voice of God,  
 "Awake—arise, and leave your foul abode!"  
*As in the sermon which we now pursue,*  
 Peter exclaims—to Gentile and to Jew;  
 Repentance to your souls we see *is given*,  
 Arise and be IMMERSED! so wills high heaven!  
 And when baptis'd you shall triumph in  
 A heartfelt pardon of your every sin.  
 You then shall share the richer fruits of faith,  
 See more full the glory of Christ's life and death,  
 So God *ordains*—thus means connect with end,  
 To his bless'd statutes let his saints attend! \*  
 The anxious multitude, with *hope* surprised,  
 Obedient arose and straightway were baptis'd!  
*Steadfast* they continued (nor other gospel sought)  
 In the *great doctrine* the apostles taught!  
 Daily more num'rous grew the faithful host,  
 And walk'd in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.  
 God's great salvation they united crav'd,  
 On *all around them*, DESTINED to be sav'd!  
 God heard their prayer and daily he brought in  
 Such as should be saved from the world and *sin*! †  
*Thus* preach'd apostles—*thus* the gospel ran,  
 And was made glorious in renewing man;  
 In every nation, kindred, people, tongue,

\* More would be written here upon the subject of baptism, was it not that the Devil is so busy, and so successful, in making baptists at this time, out of Arians, Fullerites, Arminians, and other errorists, that the author is almost ashamed to solicit the attention of the intelligent, observing, and evangelical reader to the subject: and yet he must say, that his own extensive observations upon religious society assure him, that many pious individuals in pædo-baptist churches *feel* it is *their* duty to be *immersed*. Such, in attending to the ordinances, may expect much spiritual *enlargement* and *consolation*.

Again we say, as our honest opinion, that the Arian Robinson and Metaphysical Fuller have made at least three baptists where the Holy Ghost has made one christian in the baptist church; and this is said upon a knowledge of the society equal to that of any other individual's in the denomination. This assertion is not the less true because unpalatable: the baptist church wants *now* stern and candid friends: she has had selfish, knavish flatterers long enough.

† This prayer God answered because it was the product of the Spirit! The Holy Ghost never taught any one to pray for the salvation of *all* men—that is mere nature!

E'en ALL *ordain'd* to life and joys to come!  
 As *then*, so since, the Holy Ghost has sought,  
 And, by the gospel, in the *elect* has wrought,  
 Repentance unto life, and faith in Christ,  
 As Israel's glorious Prophet, King and Priest!  
 Thus will *it* work through every age to come:  
 'Thus SOV'REIGN CALL:—'till the great work be done,  
*Ordain'd* of God IMMANUEL'S CROWN TO PROVE,  
 AND SHEW THE TRIUMPH OF JEHOVAH'S LOVE!!  
 The universe shall then the work survey,  
 In the full splendors of immortal day;  
 'Through angel thrones the mighty shout shall run,  
 Behold! the marriage of the Lamb is come:  
 The bride is ready for her glorious Lord;  
 Prepared the mansions—spread the nuptial board:  
 Ye heavenly hosts, hail this triumphant day,  
 And to the hill of Zion speed your way:  
 'Tune, tune your harps, your lyres harmonious string, }  
 'This day Eternity's great anthem you begin, }  
 'The *ascendent* of God's *sov'reign* acts to sing!  
 Obedient arise the countless hosts on high,\*  
 And to the hill of Zion mellifluous fly:  
 'The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords there stood,  
 Rob'd in a vesture crimson'd with his blood!  
 Enraptured heaven with holy tumult gaze!  
 Prostrate they worship, then rising shout *his* praise!  
 While thus adoring, o'er their vision came  
 A rolling world of uncreated flame,  
 Whose dazzling rays converge on Zion's King;  
 While thus Jehovah's voice spake from within!  
 Thou brightness of my glory, darling Son!  
 The hour of thy espousals and thy glory 's come!  
 Behold the *Bride* adorn'd for thine embrace,  
 (The wife I gave thee in covenant and in grace!)†  
 She comes in lustre glorious as thy own,‡

\* There may not be a correct keeping of *time here*, even in poetic licence: *if so*, let it pass for what it is worth in the estimation of the critic.

† The salvation of the church from hell is *justice* to Christ, *for* his blood and righteousness! Her *preparation* for heaven is grace to *him* for *her*—it is the emanation of Jehovah's charity! Therefore to talk about sun beams, dew drops, bread and water being bought by the blood of Christ is the height of absurdity!

Rom. viii, 17. See also that remarkable passage in Jer. xxxiii, 16, ending with—"ooze asher ikira Le Ieva Zedkenoo!" Here



To share with thee the honors of thy throne.  
 Ye angels ministrant the chaste bride bring in:  
 Ye heavens prepare the hymeneal song to sing!  
 Angels obey with joy and holy pride,  
 And swift as a sunbeam are at Zion's side.  
 Hail! highly favor'd of the Lord! they cry,  
 How lovely *thou*—thy destiny, how high!  
 All heaven is waiting thy fair form to see;  
 'Thy Bridegroom's heart is yearning deep for thee.  
 We bear thee to HIM, *loveliest* of all *above*,  
 To consummate thy joys and his great love.  
 While thus congratulant, the angels gain,  
 With their lov'd *charge*, triumphant Zion's plain.  
 Christ sees his *Bride*, and she her glorious *Lord*!  
 He shouts, my love!—she cries, O my *adored*!  
 Resistless, as lightning, are their mutual charms,  
 They rush triumphant to each other's arms,  
 Receive and give an embrace never known:  
 Or since, or while Jehovah has a throne!  
 Well pleas'd Jehovah the lov'd scene surveys,  
 Imparts his glory in a fiercer blaze;  
 All heaven dilates in overwhelming joy,  
 And the *event* their lab'ring thoughts employ.  
 While thus they muse from glory *Jah*\* descends  
*In glory* that all former far transcends.  
 As blazing noon the twilight—angel eyes  
 O'erladen'd, *close*—prostrate all heaven lies!  
 The *superior* glory of Jehovah moves,  
 Around the twain whom he so matchless loves:  
 Upon their heads a Father's hand he press'd,  
 Their union crown'd—and thus that union bless'd.  
 Child of *my adoption*! spouse of my great Son!  
 Well may thou exclaim—WHAT HAS JEHOVAH  
 DONE!

Thou see'st yon hell, unfathomably deep,  
 Where devils and men incessant howl and weep:  
 Pangs pierce their souls, frenzy fires their brain;  
 They writhe convulsive in eternal pain.  
 Their NATURE *still* enmity to Israel's God,  
 And *still* they feel my fierce avenging rod.

we have it declared that *she* (the church) “shall be called *Jehovah's* *our righteousness*.”

\* *Jah* is that name in the Hebrew language which signifies the *divine nature* or *essence*!



Why thou art not there, and thy bed in hell:  
 Hear me, the Father of thy husband, tell!  
 Before the world began, or heavens were made,  
 My delight was with you *in* your glorious *Head*:  
 Or e'er the morning stars together sang,  
*In him* I chose you from the race of man!  
 I loved you with an everlasting love,  
 And *ordain'd* your sin and thralldom to remove.  
 My Son Eternal the same passion\* felt,  
 His bowels too o'er thee did yearn and melt:  
 Nor less the Spirit felt the love divine,  
 The *Three in One* exclaim'd—she shall be mine!  
*My gift*, the *Father* said—my wife,---said the *Son*!  
 Nor will I cease till she becomes *my own*!  
*He* read our laws—he saw I must have blood!  
 Exultant he cried—I'll give it, O my God!  
 Betrothe me *HER* in cov'nant for my wife,  
 I'll give to thee, if thou to *her* give *LIFE*!  
 The word went forth—the marriage bond was drawn,  
 The parties, *respective*, by themselves had sworn:  
 Bone of thy bone, flesh of thy flesh, *my Son*  
 From that great hour *virtually* become!  
 What God had join'd together none could part,  
 Nor sin, nor death, nor Satan's subtlest art!  
*WHO, WHAT, and WHERE* thou wast, I've made thee  
     feel,  
 In yonder world--there, there, I made thee reel,  
 'To and fro by floods of sorrow toss'd,  
 In which thou oft shriek'd—my God—my God, I'm  
     lost!  
*There* thou wast made to *feel* a hell thy due,  
 That for thy redemption thou could'st nothing do:  
 When, lo! I said (well thou rememberest it)  
 “*I have found a ransom—deliver from the pit!*”  
 That ransom was the blood of my lov'd Son,  
 Whose embrace thou hast—and now shall share his  
     throne!  
 Was ever object in such a manner sought!  
 Was ever wife with such a ransom bought!  
 Thou, too, wast naked, and most hideous foul,  
 He flung around thy horror-smitten soul,  
 The ample robe of his great righteousness

\* The author uses this term in its figurative sense.

And bid thee welcome to Jehovah's face!  
 When thus *without* so beauteously adorn'd,  
 For *inward* holiness thou secret mourn'd.  
 No language could thy pantings here express,  
 Thou roar'd, give me, "*Holy Ones*,"\* True Holiness.  
 Holiness had now thy element become!  
 In that thou could'st live and move and breathe, alone.  
 When thy breast first upheav'd with that desire,  
 It prov'd the presence of the "Refiner's fire:"  
*That heaving* was the converse of all sin,  
 And made thee, Daughter, "all glorious *within*!"  
 O'er that spark celestial, did corruption roll,  
 Which oft cast down and terrified thy soul;  
 But unextinguish'd did the fire remain!  
 Fierce and more fierce upshot the sacred flame!  
 Till with enragement of holiness thou glow'd,  
 And meet for thy destined heavenly abode.  
 It was by my Spirit given through my Son,  
 That in thee, Zion, this great work was done!†  
 Well has he fulfill'd a husband's faithful part,  
 Well may he have, O Daughter, all thy heart.  
 And now thou dost before my throne appear,  
 Blameless and perfect and Jehovah's heir.  
 Let the wife honor and obey her Lord,  
 As erst commanded heaven's unerring word:  
 'The husband love, *sustain* and cherish his chaste wife  
 As his own soul; or while he shall have life!  
 Jehovah's blessings, as a Father's, rest  
 On your espousals—BLESS'D OF ALL THE BLEST!

\* Daniel iv, 17. This unquestionably refers to the triune God:

† The author, in common with all who preach the doctrine of sovereign grace, has been dubbed an Antinomian: but he has the satisfaction of knowing that they who gave him that name were disguised, or open, Arminians. He has disturbed many a covert nest of them in the Baptist society: and it was very *natural* that when the old serpent's head was hit the young ones should hiss. The fact is, an Antinomian is *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*—(a rare bird in the earth, and very like a *black swan*.) The character is in direct opposition to the moral predilections of *man* since the *fall*, which are to *save himself by his own works*, if not altogether, in *part*: or, in other words, *man* is as predisposed to Arminianism, as swine are to mud-wallowing. This the Devil knows, and is *too wise* to trouble himself with making men Antinomians, when he is *sure* of them as *Arminians*. But when Arminianism is assailed, the Devil will be sure to have plenty of his jackalls yelling out, Antinomianism! Antinomianism!

O'er thee the JAH eternally shall sing,\*  
 To JAH eternal fruits of glory bring!!  
 The awful majesty of unborn light  
 Retires—and angels once more regain their sight:  
 While in their ears Jehovah's voice proclaims,  
 Ye angels rise! and sing eternal pæans.  
 Uprise the *hosts*, exultant, and surround  
 The hill of Zion, as heaven's most hallow'd ground:  
 The Son, as a burning furnace, they see glow,  
 And round his Bride an ineffable halo:  
 To them *she* speaks, as heaven's imperial Queen,  
 And thus directs the *Jubilee's first scene!*  
 Thrones and dominions, principals and powers,  
 Approach the *object* whom all heaven adores,  
 And see in *him* the *Husband* of my soul,  
 Through whom, *o'er us*, these whelming glories roll.  
 In him elected you have never fell,  
 In him elected I'm redeem'd from hell:  
 In him elect, you've kept your holiness;  
 I am holy through his sov'reign, sov'reign grace.  
 Unite ye heavens to make his praises known,  
 While his Bride's hand his glorious head shall crown.  
 Behold the splendors of his diadem  
 What *countless* stones! how *living* every gem:  
 Purg'd in his blood, and polish'd by his hand,  
 Is every jewel: and shall forever stand,  
 In blazing radiance on his majestic brow,  
 And o'er his Zion light eternal throw.  
 So spake the Bride: and then in holy blush,  
 (While every nerve with sacred joy was flush)  
 She rais'd the crown, and plac'd it on his head,  
 And *from her soul's centre*, to her Bridegroom said:  
 In thee, O Jesus, I am now complete;  
 "*Presented perfect*" at Jehovah's feet!  
 I *feel* thee *here* to be my all in all:  
 Into thy dear arms I now forever fall;  
 No more to mourn the hidings of thy face,  
 No more to agonize for thine embrace:  
 But on thy bosom eternally to rest;  
 And hail'd forever:—"Bless'd of all the blest."  
 While Zion spoke new glories fill'd the sky:  
 From whence, or what is this? the angels cry.

\* Zephaniah iii, 17. The Jehovah, thy God in, &c.

Behold **THAT** Bow! high tow'ring o'er our thrones!  
 'Then rove their eyes to see from whence it comes.  
 'The *Bride* interprets: and thus the source explains:  
 Behold **HIS CROWN!** 'tis streaming forth its flames,  
 To blood-dy'd Calvary! Behold them run,  
 While from its brow, in awful grandeur's sprung  
 The arch of Messiah's glory: looming high,  
 In this refulgence, through our hallow'd sky;  
 Its termination on the eternal hills:  
 And thus the glory of **MY** Husband fills.  
 Ye triumphant heavens, obey ye **Zion's** call,  
 Hail ye my *Jesus*—Sov'reign Lord of all!  
 O, what a sound! what mighty glories roll!  
 And drown my senses, and upheave my soul!  
 Pause, pause, my muse, attempt not to describe  
 'The 'whelming anthem: or of *Jesu's* bride  
 Sing more, till at his sov'reign feet I fall,  
 And with *them* hail, adore, and *feel* him—**LORD OF**  
**ALL!**

**FINIS.**



## NOTE I.

Let not scriptorians complain because there is not reference given to the numerous passages of scripture embraced in this Poem: be it remembered by them, that it is an *experiment* by a solitary, isolated, individual, to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, in a *novel* form—even that faith which is the most unpopular subject, at the present day, under the heavens! Let not erudite theologians complain, because there is not more systematic, or comprehensive theology embraced in the work: be it by them remembered, that it is written *mainly* for a region that can bear but little light; where few know the *truth*, and where most of those who know any thing about it shrink from the defence, or even the recognition of it, as flesh and blood shrink from the halter or gibbet. The author is aware, that this implies a severe reflection upon the sentiment, or *mental integrity* of ministers around him, but not more severe, than he knows *feelingly* to be merited.

## NOTE II.

The title page calls for “a Retrospective and Prospective view of the Baptist Society,” as an appendage to this poem; but it is, upon further reflection, deemed advisable to extend that *view* beyond what could have been well prepared for this volume without detaining the press, or interfering with the preaching tours of the author. It is therefore now concluded to publish the said *view* in a volume by itself. That *view* will comprise about 150 pages octavo; in which will be exhibited irrefragable evidence, that all the heresies among the Baptists on the eastern side of the mountains, and all the heresies on the western side, together with all their college, publishing, theological school, and missionary *enterprize*, originated from the writings of the Arian Robinson, and metaphysical Andrew Fuller. That while *Fullerism* has been playing off its anticks on the eastern side of the mountains, under the *appropriate* and particular agency of Dr. Staughton, Luther Rice, O. B. Brown, and some few others; that Robinson’s arianism has been equally busy, in its *experiments* on the western side of the mountains, under the agency of the two Campbells, one Dr. (so dubb’d by the *Arian Holly* president of the Transylvania college in Kentucky,) Fishback and others, and all at the expense of the character of the Regular Baptist Church. It will be also shewn, that the union of Robinson’s arianism, and Fuller’s metaphysical gospel, has produced a brood of heresies in the name of the Baptist church, only surpassed in number by the progeny of Milton’s allegorical personages of sin and death, and only equalled in *hue*, by the colours of the Kaliedescope. It will be further shewn, that Fuller’s Worthy Gospel has been and is indebted to all the open and disguised Arminians in all the *professing* societies in Great Britain and America, for its celebrity: that it has posed all their brains to know what it means, but that they have inferred it was designed as a blow against the ugly

monster, Calvinism, and from that consideration, together with the vanity of appearing to comprehend incomprehensibles, they have hailed it as the Athenians of old did their unknown God: and that, with thousands more, the vox populi, in reference to Andrew's gospel has been, as first it was, considered as the vox Dei. It will be further shewn, that upon Robinson's system of theology (of which Alexander Campbell, in his "Christian Baptist" is a mere copyist) every man, woman and child in Christendom, who have simply heard or read, that "Jesus is the Christ" *may* become Baptists: and that Fuller's gospel makes it their *moral duty*, to become so, and that it WARRANTS every means, honest or *dishonest*, to make men believe: a full practical illustration of which, will be furnished from the history of the Church, College and Seminary buildings, together with the varied carnal expedient, guile and knavery, that have been resorted to, to gather the moral sensibilities of the country together in support of their enterprises in the Baptist society: all of which the writer will, if life be spared him, make self evident to every truly *spiritual* man that may investigate the subject. The far famed *Principals* of these and other kindred projects will then have, in addition to the vast posthumous celebrity they have been so intensely struggling for, an *appropriate reminiscence* furnished to their minds, of the "ways and means" by which they have secured such distinction, and involved to probable beggary numerous respectable individuals and families, gulled the community out of \$300,000, and the labourer of his hire, to the amount of \$100,000, and that the whole is a visible, tangible, and *most ample* experimental demonstration of the profound *sapiency* and unparalleled *zeal* of the *agents* under whose memorable auspices this luminous *practical* demonstration has been given, that Andrew "Fuller's Gospel is worthy of all acceptance."

The design of the *VIEW* will be, to contribute a mite towards facilitating a separation between the *essential Regular* Baptist church, and these detestable, and now huge Arian and Fullerite excrescences.\* That separation must take place at some and no distant period: the sooner the better. To have been instrumental in bringing it about, will be a grateful evidence to the author, that he has not lived for nought or in vain.

### NOTE III.

We have said in Note 2nd. that all the freaks and experiments of Fullerism, have been at the expense of the character of "the

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\* There will be a loud and a long exclamation on the part of the Fullerites of "divided we fall," and it will be true so far as it respects themselves: they will fall to their proper level; they will dwindle into insignificancy, or merge into the Arminian ranks, to which, in all their moral feelings, they properly belong, and from which Andrew Fuller's gospel has merely detained them, as the ignus fatuus diverts, for a moment, a *swarm of insects from their NATIVE QUAGMIRE*.

Regular Baptist Church"—as an instance, the author is surrounded with a "conic folk" calling themselves *Regular Baptists*; they have the Philadelphia *Confession of Faith* in their hands, as their safeguard, while from their pulpit, they receive the grossest heresies that ever was uttered by a man calling himself a Baptist minister. They profess to be governed by the Baptist *Confession of Faith*, and yet *exclude their female* members from a vote in church affairs, and admit persons into their societies, who will tell them that they must be *Methodists too*, i. e. go to Methodist meeting when they please—while their ministers themselves attend Methodist class meetings, love feasts, &c. and profess great fellowship with them: No wonder that bank-stock, rail-road stock, &c. is offered (*when the Lord shall come!*) in double portion, to every Methodist, Presbyterian, or any one, who will but confess their sins to Mr. B. and become Baptists. And yet these creatures will lustily vociferate, that they are *regular Baptists*, and shew the Baptist *Confession of Faith*, as an evidence thereof: indeed, they go so far as even to *use* that *Confession of Faith*, when they want to silence a member who may be conscientiously constrained to denounce their brainless and heretical ministry, and which they call "false accusation;" and by the *Confession of Faith*, they would then exclude him, tho' at the same time, they call the doctrine of that *Confession of faith*, "hodge podge stuff."—They are subject to endless schism and uproar, and when *in an extremity*, they send to some distant place, an hypocritical *lament*, about their sufferings for the *sake* of the "*Baptist faith*;" enlist the sympathies of some faithful minister, ignorant of them, cajole him to come among them at the sacrifice of hundreds of dollars, promise to bear his travelling expenses, at least, and then cheat him out of the whole, and attempt to make him submit to their lawless *creed* and *order*, by threatening their united voice *against* him (*a stranger!*) if he submit not to their maniac-like dicta—This case is not imaginary, but real—not solitary, but one of a thousand instances of the crocodileism of the Fullerites.

#### NOTE IV.

It has been reported that the writer was engaged in writing against Fuller's gospel—now, when the writer began the foregoing poem, he had not Fuller in his thoughts; any notice therefore, of Fuller's writings, is contingent and incidental. When the contemplated "*view*" comes out, then Fullerism will be seen in *bold relief*, both as respects its plan of operation, and *practical* doings: Afterwards, perhaps, the author may shew Andrew's self contradiction to be equal to his theological heresy, and that both together, rendered him worthy of being placed among the number of Arminian *idols*, and labelled with a D. D. All this however, depends upon the number of days that may be added to the existence of the writer. If he lives not to do it, he will die, having it in his heart to perform that much more service for the *Regular Baptist Church!*



The author has added a few miscellaneous pieces, to meet the expectations, and gratify the feelings of some few private christian friends: Their estimation thereof, leads him to believe, that they will not prove altogether unprofitable to others. The pieces are from a volume designed, in the end, to be called the "Lights and shades of Christian and Ministerial life"—of which, the following scraps are somewhat expressive.

## COMMUNION.

O how precious 'tis to meet,  
Kindred spirits in the Lord;  
And with them take counsel sweet  
In the peace his paths afford.

To them is his promise given,  
That where two or three convene,  
Jesus will descend from heaven,  
And reveal himself to them.

O the matchless mercy shown  
In the riches of his grace,  
Jesus may be found at home  
Found in every sphere and place.

Christ! be with my longing soul:  
O I'm sick for sight of thee!  
Breathe upon me, make me whole,  
Let me feel thy firm *decree*.

Yes, thy firm decree it is,  
That thy chosen should attain,  
All the holiness and bliss  
That an angel's eye e'er seen.

Other hope, O Christ I've none,  
For redeeming power and grace;  
The plan, the work, is all thy own  
And thine for ever be the praise.

O how little do I *feel*,  
While the words so freely flow;  
My heart is oft as hard as steel  
And sideling as the treach'rous bow.



Now Jehovah, Jesus come,  
*Down* with every rival form;  
 Let me serve thee, God! alone,  
 For thee, for thee, still I burn.  
 O the balmy, soothing thought,  
 That the time fast rushes on,  
 When all that blood divine hath bought,  
 And *I* in glory will be one.  
 Then I'll lay my weary head,  
 On the bosom of my God;  
 On his smiles be ever fed,  
 For ever to his love restored.

---

#### MINISTERIAL EMOTION.

What mind can grasp Immanuel's boundless love  
 To those for whom a servant he became  
 In mortal's *fearful* form? For whom he drank  
 The bitter cup of God's severest wrath:  
 From wave to wave of heaviest sorrow toss'd;  
 With grief acquainted of unfathom'd depths:  
 Sustain'd in sufferings 'till omnipotence  
 No further *might* sustain? Who that partakes  
 Of the Redeemer's *mind*, but feels a glow  
 Of high, unutterable love to *those*  
 For whom he suffered and for whom he died!  
 What are all feelings that possess the breast  
 Of man ambitious, or of man supine,  
 Compared with those the messenger of *grace*  
 Has for the Zion of his God on earth!  
 His soul for her, incessant travail feels:  
 Nor wealth, nor honour, fondest friends nor foes,  
 Can e'er divert his head and heart and all  
 From this bright object of his heaven-born zeal.  
*His* eye is fix'd intense on every soul  
 Renew'd by *sov'reign* grace, as a bless'd part  
 Of that vast edifice ordain'd to rise  
 Above all angel thrones! the highest point  
 Of Deity reveal'd. To lay one "lively stone"  
 On this, Jehovah's last, choice, dwelling place;  
 To him, is higher honour than e'er graced  
 The radiant brow of noblest seraphim!

But O, what language can express the wo  
 Of him, who feels all these immense desires  
 And fond solicitudes for Zion's weal,  
 And yet forbid to share the humblest part  
 Of service for her: cast aside and doom'd,  
 To drag his soul, from day to day, thro' scenes  
 Of *earthly* labours, and of *earthly* cares!

---

WRITTEN UNDER A SCENE OF TEMPTATION.

O Thou! in whom my life is hid,  
 Who in my soul *hope's glory* dwells:  
 Let thy Omnic mandate bid  
 Destruction to the tempter's spells.  
 Lord Jesus! *bound* to thee am I,  
 'Thou art my meat, my drink, my all!  
 Earth hell and sin, in vain shall try,  
 'To drown my heavenly shepherd's call.  
 Ye angels, see me 'midst the flames  
 Of trials, fiery, sharp and strong,  
 'Tho' unconsumed the bush remains!  
 To Jesus higher raise your song.  
 And ye, who thro' the awful gloom,  
 And tempests of this wo-worn world,  
 Have gain'd an high celestial noon,  
 With glory's banners all unfurl'd:  
 Look ye on one, who trembling treads,  
 The rugged path your feet once trod:  
 Whose arms of faith and prayer outspread,  
 Are reaching for your heaven—your God.  
 Soon another gem will blaze  
 In the crown of your high Priest:  
 My soul redeem'd by *sov'reign* grace  
 Will make more rich your heavenly *feast*.

---

PARAPHRASE ON JEREMIAH xvii. 5.

What! trust in *man!* extreme of all that's mad:  
 A Parthian spear were harmless to his heart.

Repose on *human* kind! O fool of fools!  
 A nest of scorpions were a safer pillow.  
 Yes, I would rather trust to serpent fangs  
 For nurturing juice, than human breast for kindness;  
 Or place myself beneath the tiger's paw,  
 Than in man's hand, for generous protection.  
 Take all that 's hateful, loathsome and abhorr'd  
 In reptile form, or prowling beasts of prey,  
 Combine it all—all, all 's but a faint type  
 Of man's vile turpitude: a sea unfathom'd,  
 Unmeasurable, known, to none but God!  
 Nor has the page of human life been scann'd,  
 If this be fancied or affirm'd untrue.  
 O, who would dwell forever with this herd  
 Of ruthless monsters, in the form of man!  
 My soul is sick and gasping in her toils,  
 To shun the blasting embrace of the wretch,  
 And struggle from the meshes of his snares:  
 But all my toil is vain: hell triumphs in him,  
 And brings me prostrate to his ravenous maw.  
 E'en now his iron teeth are fasten'd on me,  
 He bites and will devour, 'till all is gulp'd  
 That years of labour bid me call my own.

---

PARAPHRASE ON ISAIAH XLIV. 23.

*God hath* sav'd us! shout ye angels!  
 Sav'd us e'er the world began!  
 His own spirit hath proclaim'd it,  
 To the fallen race of man.

By the precious life and dying,  
 Of his perfect, spotless Lamb;  
 Sinners have, and may draw nigh him;  
 Yea, HE calls them by their name.

Calls them with an holy calling,  
 Saves them from their every sin;  
 Keeps their feet from ever falling,  
 Binds their wand'ring hearts to him.

O the mighty depths and riches,  
 Of Jehovah's truth and grace:

'This an angel's thought outstretches,  
 Theme of heaven's eternal praise.  
 Shout O heavens! God hath done it!  
 Nothing 's wanting—all 's complete:  
 Jacob's seed shall ever sing it,  
 Seraphs shall the song repeat.

---

#### INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT.

A little longer lend a cheering ray  
 Spirit of God! a few steps further on  
 Direct my tottering feet:—soon, soon I'll sink  
 Into the peaceful slumbers of the grave,  
 No more to vex thee, and no more to wound  
 The name of Jesus in a recreant life.  
 There, there I'll rest, exempt from all the storms,  
 That now beat on me and alarm my soul,  
 'Till the great day, when Gabriel's awful trump,  
 Shall usher in the Sabbath of our God,  
 "Midst wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."  
 Then this corruption shall put on a form  
 All pure, and lovely as Immanuel's own!  
 But oh! what conflicts, and what woes are mine  
 In struggling forth from hell and earth and sin!  
 I agonize to pass the narrow gate  
 That leads to life eternal; while every throe  
 Of my convulsed soul, appears to threaten  
 The dissolution of this mortal frame.  
 And yet I live! Omnipotence sustains!  
 And oft rejoice! The Godhead gives the joy:  
 Jehovah's arm withdrawn, and deep I sink  
 In death, the death that never, never dies.  
 Remove *his* comforts, and my life 's at best  
 An embryo hell, in all its horrid shapes.  
 But I shall triumph, for Jesus ever lives  
 To carry on the work his *grace* began,  
 And shew his glory in the weakest saint!

---

IT WILL NOT TARRY, &c. Hab. ii. 3.

Art thou coming to me—art thou coming to me  
 O Jesus! the penitent cries;



Art thou coming, deliverer, art thou coming to free  
My soul from the death that ne'er dies?

An horror of darkness rests on my soul,  
A mountain of guilt sinks me down;  
Hell moves to receive me—its billows fierce roll!  
But more dread rolls the cloud of thy frown.

Pangs, pangs, seize my soul—frenzy fires my brain,  
I writhe on the brink of despair;  
Is there no eye to pity—no arm to redeem,  
No ear for my groans and my prayer?

O yes! *thou* art coming—I see thee! *my God!*  
From Bosrah! all streaming in blood!  
The wine press of wrath. *alone*, thou hast trod:  
For *me* wast thou 'mersed in hell's flood.

Shout! shout! O ye heavens! rejoice O ye Earth!  
Burst forth in new anthems of praise:  
Immanuel redeems—gives a spiritual birth,  
AND GLORIFIES SOV'reign grace.

Art *thou* coming to me—art thou coming to me?  
O Jesus! the child of grace cries:  
In heaven or earth, there is none besides thee,  
Can cheer these oft tear dimmed eyes.

Thou hast given my soul a glimpse of thy charms;  
Thou hast ravish'd my heart with thy smiles:  
Thy absence creates, in my breast, fierce alarms,  
Thy presence my sorrow beguiles.

O Jesus! remember thine own awful cry,  
And the billows that o'er thee did roll;  
When Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabacthani,  
Burst forth from thy agoniz'd soul.

Oh! think, thou bless'd angel of presence divine,  
Of thyself, and then think thou of me,  
Hell's pains *thou* hast felt—a measure is mine,  
When absent, O Matchless! from thee.

Art thou coming for me—art thou coming for me  
O Jesus! the dying saint cries:  
Art thou coming to bear my wrapt spirit to thee,  
To mansions prepared in the skies?

The dew damps of Death on my forehead now glisten,  
His rattle is sprung in my ear:

For thy coming, O Jesus, I long, and I listen:

Hark! 'tis *he*---'tis *his* voice that I hear.

O music mellifluous—O vision Divine!

O Glory! ineffably bright:

That *object*---that music---that glory is mine!

Thrice welcome, O death, for the sight.

See, see! *he* descends! streams of glory outbursting  
From his head and his feet, from his hands and his  
side;

*They* rush through my soul (for holiness thirsting)

*These* speak, in mute eloquence, Jesus has died!

Come nearer, O Jesus! let me gaze on thy charms,

Let me feast on the smiles of thy face;

Be thy bosom my pillow--let me rest in thy arms

In the last, and e'erlasting embrace.

O! it is done! it is finish'd—I'm free from the clay,

I'm mounting, I'm flying above:

Hail wondrous vision--ineffable day!

I'm lost---lost for ever, in LOVE.

The foregoing lines were suggested by reading of a Venetian song---beginning with "Venite per me"\*---and which words were the exclamation of a female maniac, in reference to one, who had been her betrothed lover, but whom death tore from her embrace.

---

#### MINISTERIAL SOLILOQUY AND PRAYER.

Shall this tongue again e'er tell

Of Jehovah's sov'reign grace!

Can this darkness, gloom of hell,

To the GOSPEL'S LIGHT give place?

Father! suffer me to prove,

My Allegiance to thy Son;

Let me panting, burning love,

Jesus and his cross to own.

Clothe my mind with heavenly light:

Fill my heart with holy fire:

Rouse me to the noblest fight,

Never, never let me tire,

\* "Art thou coming for me."

'Till I have gathered unto thee  
 All thy sov'reign grace ordain'd,  
 Should thro' my feeble ministry,  
 Receive thy faith, and that faith's end.

O does heaven or earth afford,  
 Greater wonder than, that I.  
 Who thy Jesus once abhorr'd,  
 Now for him, should live, should die!

Yes, for him, I die to all,  
 That the world calls great and good;  
 Die to *self*, and at his call,  
 Plunge in sorrow's heaviest flood.

But, O God ! do thou not fail,  
 To impart thy gracious smile;  
 While the waves of wo prevail;  
 While at the gospel net-I toil.

Oh I remember thou hast sworn,  
 By thyself and by thy word;  
 That bless'd are they, who for thee mourn:  
 Christ shall be their strength, their Lord.

On my pillow-thoughts this night  
 Let thy glorious *image* press;  
 Ravish'd with the pure delight  
 That my labours thou wilt bless.

“WHY WEEPEST THOU?”

Yes, I would drop a tear at thy bless'd feet  
 Immanuel Jesus—where the streaming eyes  
 Of Magdalene, once penitently flow'd.  
 That tear is shed! and angels bear it hence  
 To learn its import in the sight of God!  
 They know the sorrow of the world works death,  
 And that there 's sorrow unto life eternal!  
 Hence, every tear that flows from mortal eyes  
 Becomes the burden of an angel's wing;  
 'Till borne on high before the judgment seat,  
 Omniscience reads its source in frowns or smiles;  
 While mute or mellifluent, the celestial hosts  
 Proclaim the dread results!—then come my soul  
 And *deep* inquire the *import* of those tears

That often flow in sympathy for thee;  
*Frighted with condemnation or with life!*

---

THE DEPRAVITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Words may express the sinfulness of sin  
 As *man* conceives it—not as the *saint feels!*  
 The mouth of the Eternal ne'er has spoke  
 The deep and awful ruins of our *fall*,  
 No more than his own holiness described!  
 Who knows not this, knows nothing as he ought  
 Of the Supreme's bestowments thro' his Son,  
 Of sov'reign mercy, and redeeming grace!  
 Hence cries my soul—O God! if ere I reach,  
 The holy habitations of thy throne,  
 'Twill be to tell of doings for my soul  
 More vast, more mighty, than when worlds on worlds  
 Were raised and moulded by Omnific power,  
 Or angels sprung exultant into life,  
 Before thy throne, to quaff immortal joys.  
 Is here *thy glory* seen? then that is truth!  
 A bench of Bishops could not shew it more.

---

THE SAME SUBJECT.

And can it be that in this heart, O God!  
 Thy Spirit ever dwelt? that in thy love  
 It bath'd in bliss extatic! while every throb  
 Was spent in murmuring sighs for thee  
 In the full vision of immortal day!  
 This heart so pregnant now with earth-born cares,  
 And cleaving fast to vanity and dust:  
 All insolent, in terms of bitterest charge on thee  
 Because my gourd is fading, and my hopes  
 Of temp'ral joy are scattered by thy frown:  
 A frown more blessed, perhaps, than brightest ray  
 That ever floated o'er angelic eyes  
 From thine eternal throne! O wondrous change!  
 How can such awful, trembling, sad *extremes*,  
 Be found in mortal soul! The fearful scene  
 Appals, confounds, and sinks me into gloom,



Approaching to despair, and fiend like rage:  
 I long to say "My Mother!" to the grave,  
 And be familiar with the clay cold worms;  
 To have them batten on this trembling flesh  
 And moisten'd at the fountain of my heart.  
 And yet, O God! all deep'ning comes the groan  
 That thy bless'd will, not my vain wish be done.  
 Oh, that 's the talisman, *that* charms each grief,  
 And gives each cloud of sorrow, rain-bow hues!  
 Bereft of this prevailing, growing, prayer  
 ("Thy will be done,") and I am Satan's mate,  
 Legion my name, and hell my dire abode!

---

THE SAME SUBJECT.

Ye humbling, loathsome, torturing train  
 Of self-abasing views—why hunt me thus  
 Thro' labours of the day, and dreams of night!  
 Hast thou no bounds? is there no point, at which  
 These less'ning estimations of myself will stop!  
 My head once teem'd with varied projects vast  
 To ravish earthly fame, and raise proud self,  
 A Saul in Israel's camp! How are the *mighty* fallen!  
 Behold me *now*, disposed to name myself  
 The chief of fools—the vilest, beastliest wretch,  
 That ever crawl'd to David's cleansing fount:  
 And wherefore this! That I may sink to naught!  
 And Jesus be exalted—"all in all!"  
 Thus God *ordains!* my soul cry out—Amen,  
 While *mere* PROFESSORS read, *jibe*, and are damn'd!

---

OMNISCIENCE.

Night is as day with thee, omniscient One!  
 Down to deepest recess of man's heart  
 Thine eye, all piercing, every moment strikes,  
 And every fleeting, shadowy, thought surveys,  
 With all that lifts to joy or sinks to wo.  
 Exulting thought. to those who Jesus have  
 "The hope of glory" in their blood bought souls!  
 There, there, thine eye delighted ever dwells,

While there thine image brightens and expands  
 Into the full expression of thy grace  
 In temples holy, lasting as thy throne!

---

REDEMPTION.

Deep is our guilt! what mind conceives a cure?  
 Deep is our woe! what arm can yield relief?  
 Deep are our groans! where is the listening ear,  
 Or where a Saviour that will bear our grief?  
 No sooner ask'd than, radiant, forth he comes  
 From David's throne—Immanuel! 'The Most High!  
 In clouds of glory:—streaming mercy runs  
 Before his chariot—hell and *sin* must fly!  
 He speaks! in lofty, deep unequal'd words,  
 And says—O Jacob, thou thyself hast slain!  
 In ME 's thy help, in ME, the Lord of Lords!  
 I'll bring thee, wanderer, to my fold again.  
 My arm's not shorten'd that it cannot save,  
 My ear 's not heavy, that it cannot hear;  
 In my own blood, thy sin-stain'd soul I'll lave.  
 And to my glory, thou *shalt* rise an heir!^

---

“ I HAVE MEAT THAT YE KNOW NOT OF.”

Was it Jesus, then, thy meat  
 Thy great Father's will to do?  
 Glorious labour! O how sweet!  
 Saviour let me do it too!  
 Thou, Immanuel, oft hast said,  
 That thy strength should perfect prove;  
 To heal the *sick*, to raise the *dead*,  
 And turn the heart of stone to *love*.  
 Glorious Saviour! deign to dwell,  
 In this troubled soul of mine;  
 Thy absence makes the gloom of hell,  
 Thy presence yields me joys divine.  
 O when thou art nigh I run,  
 In the ways of righteousness,

Then Jehovah's will is done,  
 Then I feel Jehovah's peace!  
 By thy doings and thy death,  
 By thy oath and promises,  
 Make my living, dying breath,  
 Shout thy sov'reign, sov'reign grace!

---

SANCTIFY THEM THRO' THY TRUTH, THY WORD IS TRUTH.

Ye pure, translucent, soul refreshing streams,  
 Of light, life, joy and heaven enduring peace;  
 That glow and flash in more than orient beams,  
 O'er every page of God's redeeming grace!  
 How pants my soul to drink your pleasures in,  
 And bathe, incessant, in your holy waves;  
 'Till wash'd and cleans'd from all remaining sin,  
 I prove your power, the vilest sinner saves!

---

IBID.

Oh, what floods of heavenly light,  
 Does the word of God contain;  
 Darkness *felt* is put to flight,  
 And sin and superstition's reign.  
 Oft I leave thee, precious book,  
 For some mortal's feeble lamp:  
 Or days roll on and I ne'er look  
 For thy truth of holiest stamp.  
 But on bended knees I come,  
 And retrace thy sacred lines;  
 The only light, the lamp alone  
 That can shew the *end* of crimes.

---

REV. xiv. 1 to 3.

Behold, behold, yon beauteous throng,  
 Hymning round Jehovah's throne;  
 "By *grace* we're saved"—is all their song,  
 Glory to our God alone!

We are now on high enthroned,  
 Who once were burning brands of hell!  
 Jesus for our sins atoned,  
 On him all our sins have fell.  
 Nothing like our Christ is seen,  
 On earth below, or in heaven above;  
 All our souls are fill'd with *him*;  
 Ocean of eternal love.  
 The Jehovah, with delight,  
 Views us all complete in him:  
 Exulting angels see the sight  
 And eager ask from whence we came!  
 Tribulations we have known,  
 Thro' them reach'd our high abode:  
 In sufferings have with Jesus flown  
 To the haven of our God.

---

#### DARKNESS IN PROVIDENTIAL DISPENSATIONS.

'This day vouchsafe thy blessing, Israel's God!  
 And guide my feet along the narrow road:  
 Dispense the rays of thy all-cheering smile,  
 And my deep sorrow let thy love beguile.  
 O let me *feel*, and make me act that part,  
 By which I'll prove the regent of my heart:  
 Display thy power to save from every sin,  
 And make the vilest of all sinners clean.  
 Well known to thee, is all the mountain care  
 That presses on me, sinking to despair;  
 Beneath its weight, I stagger to and fro,  
 I go, I know not where, I know not where to go.  
 'Thine eye seems closed, and thy arm withdrawn,  
 'Thou leav'st me helpless to the pitiless storm.  
 I cry to thee at noon-day and at night,  
 "My path is darkness, Lord, do thou sow light."  
 The more I cry, the darker grows my path,  
 I groan, I weep, half frantic now I laugh:  
 I kneel, I rise, I read and think and stand,  
 And try a thousand ways again to meet thy hand;  
 But try in vain—I know not what to do.  
 I cry—my God! hast thou forsook me too?  
 Shall I no more behold thy smiling face,



No more find refuge in thy lov'd embrace?  
 Dear Lord, in mercy, this day change the scene,  
 Remove the clouds that now do intervene  
 Betwixt my soul and thee: make my path straight;  
 Nor let me still my very being hate;  
 O spread thy glory o'er my waiting eyes,  
 And urge me onward for my native skies.

---

“HAS PA COME.”

*The last words of a dying Infant, in reference to its  
 absent Father.*

Yes! thy heavenly Father's come!  
 To *his* bosom takes thee *home*:  
 There forever thou shalt rest,  
 In immortal glory drest.  
 Now thine earthly Father's love,  
 Thou canst read from thrones above;  
 There, matured, thy mind can know,  
 All my bitterness of wo.  
 Be thou, spirit of my babe,  
 While the floods of life I wade,  
 The guardian angel of my way,  
 A Beacon to eternal day.  
 Thou art dwelling now in God,  
 Now I press for thine abode;  
 Child of my love, behold I come,  
 Thy Father will be soon at *home*.  
 There he'll clasp thee in his arms,  
 Free from sin and death's alarms;  
 Welcom'd by thee to thy home,  
 There to glow round glory's throne.

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#### THE

#### DYING CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY!\*

Once more, kind friends, support this sinking head  
 To that bless'd pillow, where so oft I've spoke  
 To Jacob's God, in unbreath'd converse high.  
 There, there, I'll gasp my last, nor more entail

\* Alexander Pope has written a piece bearing this title: With due estimation of his poetical genius, it must be admitted that his

Wearisome nights and days, on mortal friends.  
 Oh! here, this shivering body once more rests,  
 The grave, that rest, e'er long, shall consummate.  
 I feel my soul, in all her varied powers,  
 Gathering her Jesus as her "all in all!"  
 O welcome, and o'erwhelming grand display  
 Of the aboundings of rich *sov'reign* grace:  
 With life, my *all* forever might have been lost,  
 And now that *all*, forever is secured!  
 Yes, yes I feel my fragile bark is off  
 The terrific waves of life's tumultuous sea.  
 The *haven* is at hand, where floods of wo  
 Shall o'er me roll no more—hurt or alarm  
 'This million times toss'd spirit. Ah! what 's that?  
 Some hand of friendly mortal shuts my eyes,  
 Already seal'd to sublunary things.  
 They see death's dew damps on my forehead glisten,  
 And hear his rattle sounding from my heart:  
 While busy hands are forming now my shroud,  
 And give it fragrance with affection's tears.  
 O Christ! where art thou—*robe* for my soul  
 Of righteousness eternal! where are thine arms?  
 O let me feel *their* fond and *sure* embrace!  
 Now speak—thy voice can sweetest music make  
 Of dying groans:—now come and own  
 The purchase of thy blood—my panting soul!  
 O welcome, welcome this long look'd for hour;  
 This night of death, that consummates the love  
 Of Jesus to my soul. See! the Conqueror comes  
 High on salvation's car! music's spirit breathes  
 From angels, attendant on the Son of man.  
 Bright and more bright, the heavenly scene unfolds!  
 In exstacies absorb'd, my soul surveys  
 The prelude to her everlasting joys,  
 And springs triumphant to Immanuel's arms.

"soliloquy" is purely sublimated heathenism—for there is not a word of Jesus Christ, the christian's *life*, in it. So true it is, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, or the pen writes: If Christ be not in the heart, that heart will teem with any thing but Christ! But nothing but Christ, makes out *christianity*.

☞ Should any one be *interested*, or curious to know who the author of the foregoing volume is, they are referred to Elder Lawrence Greatrake, who is alternately on the eastern and western side of the mountains: he will *satisfy* all *CONCERNED*.











Harp of Zion 1827

Received: The book was bound in quarter brown sheepskin with kelly green paper sides, plain endsheets. The endbands were missing. The leather had red rot and the boards were partly detached. The sewing was broken in many places.

Procedure: The text was resown, having guarded the folds of the signatures with Jap. paper and rice starch paste. Adhesive used at the spine was a 50/50 mix of Jade 403 and methyl cellulose

O. P.-C.

1983

